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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of I. F. C. Hecker, M.D. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D. F.R.S. 12mo. pp. 206. London, 1835. Sherwood and Co.*

THE previous volume from the same sources, containing a history of the appalling malady called the *Black Death*, which desolated the fairest portions of Europe, received our "harty commendations" for the curious matter it unfolded, as well as for its merits in a therapeutic point of view. The part now before us, the second, pursuing the same course of investigation, is directed to "*The Dancing Mania*," a plague which lasted throughout three or four centuries; and if it did not produce as fatal, at any rate produced as singular and striking effects.

When we have read this treatise, we cannot but feel happy that our lot has been cast in a later and more enlightened period, when the sage schoolmaster has superseded the whirling dancing-master, and the chief affliction of the age is confined to the utterance of long speeches, the worst of which is, that they invite somnolency, instead of the mad and annoying phrenzy of leaping, capering, and shouting, which banished repose, while it equally provoked to weariness and disgust. An Englishman liable to disease, requiring exuberant action and prodigious vent, does not roll himself round for two or three hours, like a Turkish dervish, or like the insatuated, whom Dr. Hecker describes; he goes to an election, or public meeting, and gets rid of his disorder by means of a powerful oration, and, if one does not succeed, he repeats the dose! And this, though exceedingly fatiguing, is a marked advance in civilisation, and proves the vast superiority our light has acquired over the darker era. Formerly, it seems (say during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), "The influence of the Roman Catholic religion, connected as this was in the middle ages, with the pomp of processions, with public exercises of penance, and with innumerable practices which strongly excited the imaginations of its votaries, certainly brought the mind to a very favourable state for the reception of a nervous disorder. Accordingly, so long as the doctrines of Christianity were blended with so much mysticism, these unhallowed disorders prevailed to an important extent; and even in our own days we find them propagated with the greatest facility where the existence of superstition produces the same effect in more limited districts, as it once did among whole nations."

Now again let us observe upon this quotation, there being no pomp of religious processions in Ireland, the penances and practices alluded to only lead to riots at patterns, to cutting throats and beating out brains occasionally, to burning houses with their inhabitants, and other proceedings necessary to get rid of the prevailing disorder. O'Connell, therefore, instead of being called the Agitator, ought

to be called the Doctor. He is the great curer of his country in respect to her nervous disorder; and though the symptoms and process of remedy are not the most pleasant, they are not so bad as a universal St. Vitus' Dance, Tarantism,\* or the Black Death.

"But (our author continues, and thus shews us from what we are saved) this is not all. Every country in Europe, and Italy perhaps more than any other, was visited during the middle ages by frightful plagues, which followed each other in such quick succession, that they gave the exhausted people scarcely any time for recovery. The oriental bubo-plague ravaged Italy sixteen times between the years 1119 and 1340. Small-pox and measles were still more destructive than in modern times, and recurred as frequently. St. Anthony's fire was the dread of town and country; and that disgusting disease, the leprosy, which, in consequence of the crusades, spread its insinuating poison in all directions, snatched from the paternal hearth innumerable victims, who, banished from human society, pined away in lonely huts, whither they were accompanied only by the pity of the benevolent and their own despair. All these calamities, of which the moderns have scarcely retained any recollection, were heightened to an incredible degree by the Black Death, which spread boundless devastation and misery over Italy. Men's minds were every where morbidly sensitive; and as it happens with individuals whose senses, when they are suffering under anxiety, become more irritable, so that trifles are magnified into objects of great alarm, and slight shocks, which would scarcely affect the spirits when in health, give rise in them to severe diseases, so it was with this whole nation, at all times so alive to emotions, and at that period so sorely pressed with the horrors of death."

What are fifty Rathcormacs to this? mere blood-letting to save the life of the patient! The state of Germany, as shewn by these pages, was infinitely worse hundreds of years ago. Truly is it remarked upon their exhibition by the translator:—

"The mind and the body reciprocally and mysteriously affect each other, and the maladies which are the subject of these pages, are so intimately connected with the disordered state of both, that it is often difficult to determine on which they more essentially depend, or which they more seriously influence. The physician will probably be led by their contemplation to admit that the imagination has a larger share in the production of disease than he might, without a knowledge of the striking facts here recorded, have supposed to be within the limits of possibility. He has, no doubt, already observed, that joy will affect the circulation, grief the digestion, that anger will heat the

\* The only portion of this book which we can recommend to our lady readers consists of the music at the end, by which the Tarantula sufferers were medicated. It is very pretty, curious, and pleasing; and we are inclined to believe (without a joke) the origin of much beautiful Italian music, as well as Italian taste and passion for it.—Ed. L. G.

frame as perniciously as ardent spirits, and that fear will chill it as certainly as ice; but he may not have carried his observation to the extent of perceiving, that not only single and transient effects, but specific diseases are produced through the agency of mental impressions, and he may therefore still be surprised to find that the Dances of St. John and of St. Vitus, as they formerly spread by sympathy from city to city, gave rise to the same deviations from bodily health, in all the individuals whom they attacked; that Tarantism was the same disease, whether medically or morally considered, all over Italy; and that the 'lycanthropy' of the past, and the 'leaping ague' of the present times, have each its respective train of peculiar symptoms. The moralist will view these records of human frailty in a different light; he will examine the state of society which favoured the propagation of such maladies; he will inquire how far they have been the offspring of the ages in which they appeared, and although he may not be disposed to think with our author, that they can never return, he will at least deduce from the facts here laid before him, that they originate in those minds, whether ignorant or ill educated, in which the imagination is permitted to usurp the power of sober sense, and the ideal is allowed to occupy the thoughts to the exclusion of the substantial."

It is not within our compass to figure out all the varieties of the dances of St. John, St. Vitus, the Tarantula, or any other saint; nor to trace their connexion with the *Manedes* or *Corybantes* of antiquity, any more than with the *Convulsionaires*, *Barkers*, *Jumpers*, *Shakers*, or *Unknown Tongues*—sters of our own day—suffice it that human weakness and wickedness are but too eminently conspicuous in all, from the earliest mention to the latest syllable of as yet recorded time. The *Barkers* are but *Pliny's* wolf-men, the *Unknown Tongues* but *bastard Delphic oracles*, and too many living characters we could even now point at, only specimens of poor creatures bit by maggots, instead of the fools and rogues of other times who were bit by tarantulas, or their precursors the more ancient *Stelliones* of Roman superstition. But we must illustrate the learned German doctor by copying somewhat of his *Terpsichorean annals*.

"It was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the St. Vitus' dance was made the subject of medical research, and stripped of its unhallowed character as a work of demons. This was effected by *Paracelsus*, that mighty, but as yet scarcely comprehended reformer of medicine, whose aim it was to withdraw diseases from the pale of miraculous interpositions and saintly influences, and explain their causes upon principles deduced from his knowledge of the human frame."

Previous to this, "the dancing mania of the year 1374 was, in fact, no new disease, but a phenomenon well known in the middle ages, of which many wondrous stories were traditionally current among the people. In the year

1237, upwards of a hundred children were said to have been suddenly seized with this disease at Erfurt, and to have proceeded dancing and jumping along the road to Arnstadt. When they arrived at that place they fell exhausted to the ground, and, according to an account of an old chronicler, many of them, after they were taken home by their parents, died, and the rest remained affected to the end of their lives with a permanent tremor. Another occurrence was related to have taken place on the Mosel bridge, at Utrecht, on the 17th day of June, A.D. 1278, when two hundred fanatics began to dance, and would not desist until a priest passed who was carrying the Host to a person that was sick, upon which, as if in punishment of their crime, the bridge gave way, and they were all drowned. A similar event also occurred so early as the year 1027, near the convent-church of Kolbig, not far from Bernburg. According to an oft-repeated tradition, eighteen peasants, some of whose names are still preserved, are said to have disturbed divine service on Christmas eve, by dancing and brawling in the churchyard, whereupon the priest, Ruprecht, inflicted a curse upon them, that they should dance and scream for a whole year without ceasing. This curse is stated to have been completely fulfilled, so that the unfortunate sufferers at length sunk knee-deep into the earth, and remained the whole time without nourishment, until they were finally released by the intercession of two pious bishops. It is said, that upon this they fell into a deep sleep, which lasted three days, and that four of them died; the rest continued to suffer all their lives from a trembling of their limbs."

But, as Sterne observes with regard to captivity, where he tells his pathetic tale of the starling, one instance avails more than a hundred vague statements: we shall take an individual case.

"It is related by Felix Plater (born 1536, † 1614) that he remembered in his youth the authorities of Basle having commissioned several powerful men to dance with a girl who had the dancing mania, till she recovered from her disorder. They successively relieved each other; and this singular mode of cure lasted above four weeks, when the patient fell down exhausted, and being quite unable to stand, was carried to an hospital, where she recovered. She had remained in her clothes all the time, and, entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, she had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment, or to slumber, during which the hopping movement of her body continued. *Felix Plateri Præxos medicæ opus.*"

Well may we boast of the *march* of improvement since then. Let us visit a quadrille-ball; see how almost motionless the dancers are. If you were not told they were dancing, you would never guess it.

The body of a deplorable young man in white gloves, the drawing on of which constitutes his principal action, is transferred a few paces across the floor, as it were by means of slow springs inserted in his dress about his feet and arms, while a sweet little maiden looks smiling on. She, indeed, as Drs. Hecker and Babington shew that the female sex is most susceptible of nervous diseases,\* when it comes

to her turn is rather more animated; but the symptoms are nothing to compare with the old St. John or St. Vitus. Even in Almack's, where it is thought that every extravagance and folly is carried to the utmost, there are no performances to be mentioned in the same breath with those of the children who skipped from Erfurt to Arnstadt, or of their mothers, who wheeled about on the bridge at Utrecht, or of Dr. Plater's indefatigable *danseuse*, who danced down a dozen of stout fellows during only a four weeks' hop at Basle! They have more recently patronised the waltz and gallop, to be sure; and these do, in a degree, approach the furious attacks upon propriety which the by-gone affliction used to exercise; but still we are inclined to fancy that the stimulus is not quite so inordinate, nor the outrages induced upon decorum so utterly flagrant. The inquiry, however, is a delicate one, as a certain indelicate investigation was unanimously said to be, and we must leave it to the physicians; many of whom in our metropolis are, we should hope and trust from their practice, not incapable of a minute prognosis, diagnosis, and every other kind of nosis.

Meanwhile, we would inquire of our artists whether Holbein's celebrated Dance of Death, and other productions of the same genus, might not have been suggested by the actual circumstances which marked the insane phenomena of these strange epidemics.

We would ask our divines whether it may not be right to suppose, as has been done, that the condition of Nebuchadnezzar was a species of lycanthropy—the mighty king fancying himself an ox, as thousands have fancied themselves wolves, bears, and other animals.

We would ask Mr. Laporte, or whoever is manager of the King's Theatre, whether, in his opinion the Elslers are lineally descended from Dr. Plater's Girl, or Taglioni from the best Apulian Tarantolion breed.

In fine, this small volume has unhinged all our ideas; and we strenuously request readers of every kind to put themselves in the way of undergoing a similar derangement—and if they will all meet us in this state next St. John's day on Salisbury-plain, we will pledge ourselves to lead off an Epidemic equal to any it expounds. *Verbum sat.*

*Poems, with Illustrations.* By Louisa Anne Twamley. 12mo. pp. 183. London, 1835.

Tilt. WELL done, Birmingham! We like this specimen of your Fair and your refinement. We like to see that in the march of mind you are asserting your rank, as well as in the march of manufactures; and we especially rejoice to have received from your busy town a sample of your

a very large convent in France, began to mew like a cat; shortly afterwards other nuns also mewed. At last all the nuns mewed together every day at a certain time for several hours together. The whole surrounding Christian neighbourhood heard, with equal chagrin and astonishment, this daily cat-concert, which did not cease until all the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers were placed by the police before the entrance of the convent, and that they were provided with rods, and would continue whipping them until they promised not to mew any more. But of all the epidemics of females which I myself have seen in Germany, or of which the history is known to me, the most remarkable is the celebrated Convent-epidemic of the fifteenth century, which Cardan describes, and which peculiarly proves what I would here enforce. A nun in a German nunnery fell to biting all her companions. In the course of a short time all the nuns of this convent began biting each other. The news of this infatuation among the nuns soon spread, and it now passed from convent to convent throughout a great part of Germany, principally Saxony and Brandenburg. It afterwards visited the nunneries of Holland, and at last the nuns had the biting mania even as far as Rome."

soft ware quite equal to your hard. This is a very pretty book, with pleasing embellishments, drawn and etched by the same hand which penned its graceful poetry. The authoress is young, and there are such faults of style as are common to every youthful writer: she will soon polish them off,\* for her feeling is of the right order, and when once (encouraged by the success she deserves) she has plumed her wings for a higher course, a natural confidence added to her cultivated taste, and the mere practice of composition, will enable her to avoid these trifling blots, while she also superadds greater originality of idea and novelty of touch.

"Sea-side Thoughts" is a poem of much merit and promise; and, indeed, we may say the same of the whole volume, and have only to quote the "Invocation to Song," as a proof that the praise we bestow (and which we trust will cheer on the amiable *débutante*) is not bestowed merely on youth, sex, and accomplishments, but on fine capacity and pure talent.

"Invocation to Song."

Spirit of Song! Thou monarch of the mind!  
Holding thy sweet dominion o'er mankind;  
Fleeting and transient as the summer breeze,  
Kissing earth's flowers, and winging to the seas—  
Where is thy home?

Thou art where Nature spreads her noblest scene,  
And where the ken of man hath rarely been;  
Thou art where Fancy wings her blindest light,  
And thy sweet voice breathes in the still night—

Thou art where lightnings flash and billows foam;  
Thou art with exiles from their native home;  
Thou art among the dewy flowers at eve,  
And where love's vows are pledged, and hearts believe—

Thou art at banquets 'midst the minstrel train,  
Waking their harps with an enlivening strain;  
Thou art where rosy, mantling wine is poured,  
And bright-eyed Mirth laughs round the social board—

Thou art among the bridal's virgin throng,  
Greeting the chosen one with love-fraught song;  
Thou art the lover's aid, to bid arise  
His lady fair, and 'ope her beaming eyes'—

Thou art with those for whom Joy's cup o'erflows,  
And thou canst bid dim Grief forget her woes;  
Thou art where blushing roses brightly bloom,  
And thou dost wreath the cypress o'er the tomb—

Each transient, bright creation of the mind,  
That gleams and wanes ere 'e'en its source we find,  
Thy magic voice can swift recall to birth,  
And leave its glowing transcript upon earth—

The dauntless soul of soaring genius fires  
With rich enthusiasm as thy voice inspires;  
In thee alone exuberant Fancy teems  
With language wild and lofty as her dreams—

Where is thy home?  
I know thee, and I love thy faintest sigh,  
And love thy loftiest strains of melody—  
I lay my young heart's treasures at thy shrine,  
Spirit of Song! I feel thou art divine!  
Thy home is Heaven!"

*A Winter in the Far West.* (United States). By Charles F. Hoffman. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1835. Colburn.

BY and by we shall become as well acquainted with the Prairies as with Salisbury Plain, on which Mathews met with so tremendous an adventure as to encourage him again to dare the savagery of America, where we are sorry to hear even the kindness and hospitality he received could not keep him in rude health; so that, after only a limited exhibition of his unrivalled talent, we may very soon expect to see him at home once more, and quite ready for another ride, be it to Stonehenge or Epsom. But this is quite away from a *Winter in the Far West*, the first volume of which we have perused with considerable satisfaction. At first it is not so interesting, but when the author gets into Michigan and the Illinois—the frontiers of American settlement—there are a number of stirring scenes and lively descriptions,

\* Minute criticism in such a case would be severe and invidious; and we shall merely indicate such mistakes as *veroth* for *veroth*, opening page, last line; that for *robs*, in the last line of the next page; and the expression *plunge aloft*, in the same page.

\* (Translator's note). "The Imaginations of women are always more excitable than those of men, and they are therefore susceptible of every folly when they lead a life of strict seclusion, and their thoughts are constantly turned inwards upon themselves. Hence in orphan asylums, hospitals, and convents, the nervous disorder of one female so easily and quickly becomes the disorder of all. I have read in a good medical work that a nun, in

which more than compensate for his ambitious efforts and ornamented style in the earlier parts. Our few exemplary quotations shall start at Pittsburgh (Nov. 3, 1833):—

"I passed an evening most agreeably at Wheeling with two or three prominent members of the bar, who were distinguished by that courtesy and cordial frankness which mark the western Virginian. A venison steak and flask of old Tuscaloosa, the relish and flavour of which would have been a tocsin to the soul of Apicius and made Anaereon uneasy in his grave, gave cordiality to the meeting. It was my first introduction into western society; and I could hardly have been initiated under better auspices, as I went under the wing of an Ohio gentleman, whose warm hospitality and endearing social qualities, united as they are to distinguished professional talents, seem to make him a universal favourite in this region. The conversation, animated, various, and instructive, would supply material for a dozen letters; but the nervous expressions, and almost startling boldness, of western phraseology would lose half their vividness and power when transferred to paper. I found myself, however, catching occasionally something of the characteristic tone of those around me; and my new friends gave so encouraging a reception to each fresh-fledged sally, that I live in the humble hope of being able to express myself with sufficient propriety, by the time I reach the really outer west, to prevent people from detecting at once the early disadvantages I have laboured under in living so long in a land where every lip lisps honour to mincing Walker, and each tongue trembles in *terrorem* of terrible Johnson. In that event, I may have both scenes and characters to describe when we meet, such as would now split my pen in telling."

This anticipation is, of course, realised; we arrive on the Michigan, River Raisin, and Lake Erie. Here stands the new town of Monroe, and we are told,

"The Monroites are a driving people in their way. They are now building a steamboat of the largest class, which will cost not less than 45,000 dollars, to ply directly between here and Buffalo; and this morning I saw launched a beautiful schooner, for the lake navigation. It was the first launch that had ever taken place at Monroe, and the occasion caused a general turn-out of the inhabitants, who hurried to the spot, a mile or two off, upon horses of every variety of appearance. There was the bull-necked French pony and his scraggy-looking Indian cousin, the sleek, spongy-looking Ohio horse, and the clean-limbed, quickly-gathering Kentuckian, galloping between the swift but shuffling Illinois pacer and the high-actioned, tight-looking New York trotter. Every one rode as if for a wager; and when we drew our reins, the talk upon horse-flesh, superseding almost the interest of the schooner, shewed that the Monroites, like Catiline and Purdy, deserve to be celebrated for their judgment in these matters. A very good and full band of amateur musicians, composed of respectable private individuals of the village, came at last upon the ground, and changed the subject to the name of the new vessel, which several wished to alter, before launching, from the hackneyed one of Diana to the more characteristic sound of Tecumseh, the spot being so celebrated in the memoirs of that great chief."

After an evening's ride through the forest, we have the following pictures of the halt, &c. in this prolific new land:

"At length we reached a clearing, and a few yards of better road brought us to a log-cabin. The family were at supper when I entered, and, sitting down with the rest, I helped myself with an iron spoon from a dish of sup-paw; and fishing up a cup from the bottom of a huge pan of milk, I poured the snowy liquid over the boiled meal that rivalled it in whiteness. The corn from which it is made, my host tells me, grew to the height of sixteen feet, the stalks being of a blackish-green colour. From the same soil, a black sandy loam of easy tillage, wheat as high as a man's head has been raised; the produce from a single grain being from three to four hundred, and in one instance, one thousand and twenty-six."

"The character of the country continued for some miles much the same as that passed over yesterday, though the river gradually degenerated into a narrow, muddy stream. The log-cabins, which always occurred in the heavily-timbered district, had nothing to distinguish them from each other, and the openings were as silent as if man and beast had deserted them; though I saw a couple of deer in one instance feeding afar off, and met a settler who was carrying a wolf, just caught in a trap by the road-side, on his shoulders. I was struck, too, at seeing no less than three pet fawns near different houses, within a few miles of each other. In one instance a tall hound was sitting erect beside one of these gentle creatures, who was licking the ears of the enemy of his race. The incident reminded me of an anecdote I heard told by an old hunter in one of the wild mountain districts of New-York. His favourite hound one morning, when the deer were in the red coat and not fit to hunt, came to him while chopping, and made signs to his master to follow to a thicket not far off, where the woodman discovered a fawn so entangled that it could not escape. It was so small and feeble that he carried it away with ease in his arms, while the doe, which was near at hand, followed her bleating offspring. The dog accompanied him with great apparent joy, and, though one of the keenest of his kind, would drive off the grown deer only a few rods, and then return at once to keep an eye on his master's movements. The fawn was taken home, and, being fed continually by the children, soon went tame about the house. The dog, however, insisted upon sleeping with it, and could scarcely be separated from his long-eared friend; and when it met with the usual fate of pets, and died prematurely a month or two after, poor Ring was inconsolable. The worthy English settler, who had been a gamekeeper in the "auld country" in his day, added, that he had the curiosity to dress a piece of the venison, which, fond as hounds are of that food, was rejected with disgust by the canine mourner."

At one place our traveller's horse runs away from him, baffling every attempt at recapture; and he says, whimsically enough,

"I could not help ejaculating, with the Kentuckian whose house and family had been burnt by the savages while he was cleaning his rifle at a brook hard by, 'This is very ridiculous.'"

Our next extract is a lively sketch of men and manners, which reminds us of *Washington Irving*;—which again reminds us that he, in the kind way of friendship, has done his countryman the service of revising this publication before it was committed to the press—whence, no doubt, some of its attractions.

"Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo Co., M. T., Dec. 26."

"Stranger, will you take a cocktail with us? called out a tall athletic fellow to me, as I was

making my way through a group of wild-looking characters assembled an hour since around the fire by which I am now writing. There was a long-haired 'hoosier' from Indiana, a couple of smart-looking 'suckers' from the south ern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed, leather-belted 'badger' from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeoman-like fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins, and red sash, proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine wolverine, or naturalised Michigianian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a 'red-horse' from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a 'buck-eye' from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select. I was in the midst of the first real prairie I had ever seen—on an island of timber, whose lee, while making slow headway for the last two hours, with a biting breeze on my beam, it had been my whole object, aim, and ambition to get; a comfortable bar-room, a smoking 'cocktail,' a worshipful assemblage (Goldsmith's Club was a fool to it), had never entered my dreams! Could I refuse to drink with such a company? The warm glass is in my frozen fingers. The most devout temperance man could see no harm in that! It is touched smartly by the rim of the red-horse—it is brushed by the hoosier—it rings against the badger—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine—"My respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us!" Here was a capital commencement with just the sort of salad of society I have been long wishing to meet with, having as yet only tasted its component parts in detail. But, auspicious as was the beginning, I nearly got into a difficulty with my new acquaintances a few moments afterward, by handing the landlord a share of the reckoning; and I took back the coin forced upon me, with many apologies upon my part for having presumed to pay part of a 'general treat,' while labouring under the disqualifications of being a stranger. Room was then civilly made for me by the fireplace, and, accepting a pipe proffered by one of the company, a few whiffs made me sufficiently sick and at home to lay it by without further ceremony. 'There's a smart chance of cigars there in the bar, stranger, if you'd try some of them,' said one of the hoosiers. 'Yes,' echoed the other; 'and they are a heap better than those pipes.' 'I allow,' rejoined another of the company; 'but I wish that fellow would shut the door; he must think that we were all raised in a sawmill, and then he looks so peert whenever he comes in.' 'Poor fellow!' ejaculated one who had not yet spoken, 'he is considerably troubled with youngness.' 'From the eastern side, stranger?' said another to me; 'I'm told it's tolerable frog pasture. Now, here the soil's so deep one can't raise any long sarce—they all get pulled through the other side. We can winter our cows, however, on wooden clocks, there's so many Yankees among us,' &c. A scattering conversation was kept up in similar quaint expressions for some time; but I will not tire you with enumerating more of those which fell under my observation. These unique terms, indeed, were poured out so copiously, that it was impossible for one's memory, though elastic as a pair of saddle-bags, to retain them. At last a train† and a couple of carioles drove up to the door, and I discovered, upon their bundling merrily into these vehicles, that the whole company were bound for a wedding. 'Jim,' cried one driver to another, snapping

\* "So called after the fish of that name, from his going up the river to the mines, and returning at the season when the sucker makes its migrations."

† "A rough kind of sled."



his whip, 'let our horses run near the silk.' Jim cracked his snapper, and the light carioles taking the lead, the more humble train skimmed rapidly after them. Their dark shadows were soon lost upon the moonlit prairie, and the sound of their bells died away in the distance by the time I had regained my now solitary seat by the fire."

With this we conclude our rapid glance at Vol. I., and shall only add one of the author's notes from "Keating's Narrative of a Journey to the Source of St. Peter's River," which mentions an Indian belief so singularly Mahometan, that we wonder it has not attracted more public notice.

"According to the information of one of their chiefs, 'the Pottawattamies believe that they came from the vicinity of the Sault de St. Marie, where they presume that they were created. A singular belief which they entertain is, that the souls of the departed have, on their way to the great prairie, to cross a large stream, over which a log is placed as a bridge; but that this is in such constant agitation that none but the spirits of good men can pass over it in safety; while those of the bad slip from the log into the water, and are never after heard of. This information they pretend to have had revealed to them by one of their ancestors, who, being dead, travelled to the edge of the stream, but not liking to venture on the log, determined to return to the land of the living; which purpose he effected, having been seen once more among his friends two days after his reputed death. He informed them of what he had observed, and further told them, that while on the verge of the stream he had heard the sounds of the drum, to the beat of which the blessed were dancing on the opposite prairie.'"

We have not taken any of the terrible narratives of Indian wars and massacres; but they possess a dreadful interest.

*Contes Fantastiques, &c. (the Fantastic Tales of E. T. A. Hoffman, Translated from the German).* By M. Loeve Veimars. Brussels, Hauman and Co.; London, Richter.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S harsh criticism on the works of Hoffman, in the first number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, excited some surprise and more wrath among the romanticists of the continent. They said that he should be the last to complain of attempts to unite the whimsical and supernatural, because he had tried the experiment himself and failed; they averred that no one of Hoffman's ghostly creations made so absurd an appearance as the White Lady of Avenel ducking an unfortunate monk in a mill-pond, and that the clumsy contrivances of the spirit, in the burial and resurrection of Percie Shafton, shewed that Scott, like Agrippa's pupil, had evoked a demon whom he knew not how to employ. Hence they maliciously inferred that Sir Walter had assailed Hoffman from sheer envy, because the German had succeeded in the only branch of literature which his critic had attempted without success. M. Loeve Veimars fairly brought the question to issue; he translated Hoffman's most characteristic tales into French, and prefixed to them a translation of Sir Walter Scott's article without a single word of comment. The case being thus raised legitimately before the tribunal of criticism, has since been argued with more vehemence than skill; the advocates have confined themselves to particular instances, instead of examining general principles; thus, for instance, they compare the use that Scott and Hoffman have made of supernatural agency,

a matter wholly indifferent to the issue; whereas the real question is, whether what the critic has pleased to call the Fantastic School of Literature deserves to be tolerated, and if so, to what conditions it should be subjected. In the article to which we have referred, Sir Walter Scott enters into a minute, but not a very successful analysis of Hoffman's character; which is, indeed, a character to be studied rather than criticised; and shews how, from a different combination of its elements, more valuable results might have been obtained. Now this we hold to be an error. Hoffman had a peculiar physical and mental constitution, morbid sensitiveness held possession both of his body and mind: indeed it is probable that death alone saved him from insanity. Thus excitedly constituted, he lived in a period when every day and almost every hour produced some stimulating event, when it was constantly a question whether his native country (Prussia) should be blotted from the list of nations; he was a poet, a painter, and a musician: his pursuits were consequently fresh sources of disease,—they fed the fever that consumed his life. Fantastic visions and wild day-dreams were not sought by him for his own gratification; they came unbidden, for they were the symptoms of his malady. Hoffman is therefore to be considered as a psychological phenomenon; the eccentricities of his mind should be compassionated rather than censured. To speak of such a man as belonging to the fantastic or any other school of literature, is merely to play with words; unless, indeed, by the fantastic be meant that which is subject to no rules, and therefore is no school at all; a something that cannot be classed in the "*omnibus rebus*," and for which, consequently, a place was sought in the "*quibusdam aliis*."

The question how far the use of supernatural agency in works of fiction is subject to rule, seems to us of no very difficult solution. It is just the same question as how far the pantomime is restricted by the laws of the regular drama. In both cases consistency and unity of purpose are the chief requisite; when once we have admitted the marvellous agency, the extent of its application becomes a matter of little importance. This is more especially the case with the grotesque species of the fantastic, which is not wholly unknown in our literature; Scott's White Lady of Avenel, and the dancing furniture in Irving's sketch of the bold dragon are familiar instances, to which we may add "The Frolics of Puck," one of the best productions of its species. To judge of such works by the rules belonging to ordinary romances and novels, is, as we have said, to apply the laws of the regular drama to farce or pantomime. Though thus disposed to concede to the fantastic style all the freedom of "a chartered libertine," we cannot deny that it may produce, and has produced extravaganzas, or rather absurdities; such, for instance, as the acquisition of "Seven-leagued Boots," by Peter Schlemihl. But we do not find such purposeless additions to the machinery in the productions of Hoffman. His works are, indeed, like the visions of nervous fever; a Horatian critic would complain,

"Such is the book that, like a sick man's dreams,  
Varies all shapes and mixes all extremes."

But this extravagance is not the author's design; it is the constitution of his mind, it is genius tottering over the verge of insanity, galled by poverty, and goaded by stimulants taken to drown care. Such productions may be easily turned into ridicule by men of sober thoughts, living in the midst of luxury and comfort; but

those who love to see mind in every state, and to follow genius through all its wanderings, will feel interested in the phantasies of Hoffman: all the canons of taste promulgated from the days of Aristarchus to those of Scott in anywise to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us take, almost at random, one of Hoffman's comic extravaganzas; "The Choice of the Betrothed," not having yet appeared in English, will serve our purpose. A wizard goldsmith, by a series of whimsical magic contrivances, procures for an enthusiastic young painter the hand of a lady who had been affianced to a formal blockhead named Tusmann. The great merit of the tale consists in the natural surprise and vexation of Tusmann, when he finds his matter-of-fact course of life interrupted by the pranks of some freakish goblins. His systematic character is well portrayed. Tusmann, the private secretary to the chancery of Berlin, was very methodical and exact in every thing that he did. He took off his coat and boots every night just as the clocks of St. Mary and St. Nicholas began to strike eleven, and as the sound of the last stroke was dying away, he drew his night-cap over his ears.

Returning home late one night, he met the goldsmith thundering at the door of a tower in the old town-house.

"'My worthy sir,' said the secretary, with all possible politeness, 'you must have made some mistake; not a soul inhabits the upper part of this tower, unless I except a few rats and mice, and a couple of owls, there is not a human being inside; if you wish to purchase any steel chains from Mr. Warnatz, who owns the shop, you must take the trouble of coming here to-morrow after sunrise.' 'My honourable friend Tusmann'—'Privy councillor these many years,' interrupted Tusmann involuntarily, although he was disconcerted at being thus familiarly addressed by a stranger; but the other paid him no attention, and continued in the same tone—'My honourable friend Tusmann, you have quite mistaken the reason of my being here. I have no need of Warnatz's steel chains; but this is the summer equinox, and I wish to see the betrothed. She has already heard the beating of my heart and my sighs of love, and she will soon appear at the window.'"

Soon after the clock began to strike eleven, and Tusmann saw with horror the face of his affianced bride looking from the window of the deserted tower. In his confusion, he allowed himself to be dragged to a tavern by the stranger, where they meet an old Jew who joins their party. The conversation turns on tales of witchcraft, until Tusmann introduces the subject of his intended marriage. His unknown friend tells him that he is too old and too ugly to marry; and, furthermore, that he is too ignorant of the world to match the craft of woman-kind. To the last charge, Tusmann replies by producing a manual of wisdom, which he had bought for his instruction; and incidentally informs us that he is a bibliomane and pedant of the first head. The conversation again changes, until, at length, Tusmann boldly hazards a question:—

"'Tell me, my worthy professor, was that really Miss Albertina Vossiwinkle who answered you from the window of the ruined tower?' 'And what have you to say to Miss Albertina Vossiwinkle?' said the goldsmith with a ferocious look. 'My God!' cried the terrified Tusmann, 'that is the young lady to whom I am going to be married.' 'Sir,' said the goldsmith, with flushed cheeks and fiery eyes, 'sir, I see that you are either mad, or possessed by the devil. You to marry the young and



beautiful Albertina! You, an old, miserable, half-starved pedant! You, who with all your scholastic science and political maxims of Thomasmus, cannot see an inch beyond your nose! Clear your head of all such foolish notions, or you will get your neck broken this fine equinoctial night!"

The private secretary was naturally a quiet and peaceful, not to say a timid, man. He would not utter a harsh word even when attacked; but the goldsmith's speech was too galling, and, besides, Tusmann had taken an unusual quantity of wine. He rose, and replied harshly, "Sir unknown, I cannot guess what authorises you to address me in this way. I verily believe that you wish to intimidate me by juggling tricks that could only impose on children, and that you yourself pretend to the love of Miss Albertina. I have found out your tricks, and I have no doubt that you used a magic lantern to produce the illusions of which I was so nearly the dupe; but I am not so easily imposed upon; you are mistaken, sir, in supposing that I can be tricked thus grossly." "Have a care, friend Tusmann," replied the goldsmith, carelessly, "you are dealing with extraordinary people." At the same moment the countenance of the goldsmith changed into that of a fox, whose red eyes glared savagely at Tusmann, who sank in horror on his chair. When the secretary recovered a little, he found the Jew and the goldsmith engaged in a trial of magical skill; and, terrified at the various wonders they displayed, he fled from the house. But his adventures did not terminate here, as we learn from the account of his misfortunes which he gave to his father-in-law on the following morning. Having given an outline of the scene which we have extracted, and which Counsellor Vossinkle treated as a foolish dream, Tusmann continued:—

"O my dear councillor, my faithful companion at the school of the Grey Friars, do not insult my misfortunes by your outrageous doubts, but know that this diabolical conspiracy scarcely began until I had reached the street. As I passed the assembly-house, all the windows were illuminated; I heard the steps of dancers, accompanied by a military band; and I, who am not very tall, found it easy, by standing on my tip-toes, to look through the windows into the buildings. But what saw I? Gracious heaven! what did I see? No other than your daughter Albertina in a splendid wedding dress, waltzing with a young man. I tapped at the window and exclaimed—'Miss Albertina what are you about? what brings you here at this unseasonable hour?' But at this moment a horrible phantom ran up King Street, twisted off both my legs, and ran away with them on his shoulders, in rons of laughter. There I lay, a miserable private secretary in the kennel of the public street. I shouted out, 'Watch! watch! stop the thief that has run away with my legs!' At once, and suddenly, all the lights were extinguished, perfect silence prevailed, and no echo responded to my voice. I was sinking in despair, when the phantom came back and threw my legs in my face. I got up and ran as fast as I could to Spandau Street. But just as I took the key in my hand to open my door, I found myself—yes myself—before me, staring at me with my own round black eyes. I shrank back full of horror, and found myself in the arms of somebody who grasped me tight. By his pole I knew him to be a watchman. 'My dear guardian of the night,' said I, 'for mercy sake drive away the false secretary Tusmann that stands before my door, in order that the real honest secretary Tusmann, that is myself,

may get into his house. 'I believe you are mad, Tusmann,' said a hoarse voice; and I discovered that I was held not by the watchman, but by the horrible goldsmith. Terror seized upon me, and drops of cold perspiration trickled from my forehead. 'Mr. Professor,' said I, trembling, 'forgive me, if in the dark I have taken you for a watchman. Call me what you please, but in the name of heaven deliver me from the spell which you have cast over me this night.' 'Tusmann,' replied the enchanter with his fatal voice, 'you will escape all future enchantments if you swear this moment never again to think of your marriage with Albertina.' You may guess, my dear councillor, what were my feelings when this horrid proposal was made. 'Mr. Professor,' said I, 'the waltz is a dangerous and improper dance; my betrothed was waltzing just now with a young man, but I cannot bring myself to renounce her.' Scarcely had I spoken, when the cursed jeweller struck me a blow which forced me to turn round. A dirty broom-handle was thrust into my hands, which scratched my face, whilst invisible dogs bit my back black and blue, and myriads of Secretary Tusmanns danced round me, brandishing dirty broom-handles. At length I fainted, and continued senseless until the dawning light struck upon my eyes. Marvel with me, my dear councillor, and pity your old friend—I found myself astride on the brazen horse of the great elector's statue, with my head resting on his brazen breast. Luckily, the sentinel was asleep, and I got down without being observed, but not without running the risk of a mortal tumble. I then fled towards Spandau Street; and terror, little short of madness, drove me to you."

The councillor insists that Tusmann was drunk; and the secretary in vain quotes books with "names of learned length, and thundering sound."

The rest of the tale is in keeping with this extract, because it is one of those against which Sir Walter Scott's censure was directed. "The reader," he says, "is led astray by a freakish goblin, who has neither end nor purpose in the gambols which he exhibits, and the oddity of which must constitute their own reward." Be it so: we admire the frolics of a "tricksy spirit," and demand no better reason for its gambols than we do for the transformations of Harlequin.

#### *Memoirs of Mirabeau, &c.*

(Second notice:—conclusion.)

THOUGH we promised some specimens of these two initiatory volumes, we do not feel called upon to occupy much room with them. The life and writings of Mirabeau have been so much dwelt upon of late, that unless very new matter arises, the reviewer may prudently refrain from the exercise of his calling at the risk of repetition, and leave such works as the present to be read for the sake of their strange and amusing details and exhibition of characters. The Italian leaven, so manifest in the race of Mirabeau, is quite a psychological study: for the author of this work gravely and naively tells us, after describing the memoir of the grandfather (John Anthony), "What enhances its value is, that without serving as an excuse for what is reprehensible in Mirabeau's private life, this lively family picture explains it in part, shewing that parents such as his must naturally have had such a son, and that Mirabeau, descending from them, could not have been other than he was."!!!

What he was at ten years of age (1759) his

father thus depicts in letters to his uncle and the Countess of Rochefort.

"My eldest son is still labouring under the consequences of his fever, which has kept hold of him for these two months past, at different intervals. The most grievous symptom is, that he is as rational as if he were thirty years old, and that Poisson is highly satisfied—a thing most uncommon and suspicious." "My embarrassments have recommenced: my son has had a fresh attack of fever, accompanied with malignant symptoms. It would have been necessary to beget another, and where the devil should I find such another sprig of mischief!" We read elsewhere—"This child, though turbulent, is mild and easily controlled, but of a temper tending to indolence. As he does not ill resemble Panch, being all belly and posterior, he appears to me very well qualified for the manœuvres of the tortoise: he presents his shell, and allows you to strike." "This great glutton, Gabriel, goes every where, begging alms for the poor, following in that respect the example of my mother, in spite of every thing I can say to them to prove that there is nothing more out of place, and more positively in opposition to my principles, than manual charities, which make people poor instead of relieving them; which excite and unshame misery; which are consumed without reproducing; finally, which turn aside money from fruitful employment, and where it would triple itself, in order to throw it into the mud." We here give a reply made by Gabriel to his mother, who reproached him with talking too much, and seeking to be thought clever. "Mamma!" said he, "I think the mind is like the hand; be it handsome or ugly, it is made for use, and not for show." We find an anecdote, at a somewhat later period, which does honour to Mirabeau's character, and he was then scarcely eleven years old. "The other day, at the prizes which, on my estate, I bestow upon the best runner, he gained a hat; and turning towards an old man who wore a cap, and putting upon the old man's head his own hat, which was still very good, 'Here,' said he, 'take this; I have not two heads.' This youth appeared to me then to be emperor of the world. Something divine immediately beamed from his countenance and attitude. I raved about it, I shed tears, and the lesson was not lost upon me."

Some of the correspondence, such as the senior Mirabeau's account of his gardener's marriage, is of that loose description which is not so much objected to in French publications—though the better taste of our country has repudiated it.

An able friend of ours holds the doctrine, that if an ugly man can really succeed in inspiring a woman with a passion for him, that her love is ardent and devoted in proportion to his ugliness. The sex leave handsome lovers as they would favourite animal pets, butterflies, or toys; but let them once admire a monster and the attachment is equally unalterable and unbounded. Madame Monnier's affection for Mirabeau was at all events of this order; and we would quote some of his and her extraordinary letters, but for several reasons; and one of them is, that most readers are already acquainted with their fervour and immorality.

*Cooper's Life and Works, &c., Vol. I.* By the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M.

[Second notice.]

THE few remarks which we offered upon this publication in our last suffice for all the criticism we are inclined to think necessary—at least till it proceeds further; and we only

resume it for the sake of completing our extracts, a few more of which cannot, we trust, fail to interest the reader. The following is a fine specimen of the writer:—

"To Joseph Hill, Esq.

"Olney, January 21, 1769.

"Dear Joe—I rejoice with you in your recovery, and that you have escaped from the hands of one from whose hands you will not always escape. Death is either the most formidable, or the most comfortable thing we have in prospect, on this side of eternity. To be brought near to him, and to discern neither of these features in his face, would argue a degree of insensibility, of which I will not suspect my friend, whom I know to be a thinking man. You have been brought down to the side of the grave, and you have been raised again by Him who has the keys of the invisible world; who opens and none can shut, who shuts and none can open. I do not forget to return thanks to Him on your behalf, and to pray that your life, which He has spared, may be devoted to his service. 'Behold! I stand at the door and knock,' is the word of Him, on whom both our mortal and immortal life depend, and blessed be his name, it is the word of one who wounds only that He may heal, and who waits to be gracious. The language of every such dispensation is, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' It speaks with the voice of mercy and goodness, for, without such notices, whatever preparation we might make for other events, we should make none for this. My dear friend, I desire and pray that, when this last enemy shall come to execute an unlimited commission upon us, we may be found ready, being established and rooted in a well-grounded faith in his name, who conquered and triumphed over him upon his cross. Yours ever, W. C."

The subjoined observations upon life and death, twelve years later, are also impressive. They are addressed to Mr. Newton:—

"You had been married thirty-one years last Monday. When you married I was eighteen years of age, and had just left Westminster school. At that time, I valued a man according to his proficiency and taste in classical literature, and had the meanest opinion of all other accomplishments unaccompanied by that. I lived to see the vanity of what I had made my pride, and in a few years found that there were other attainments which would carry a man more handsomely through life than a mere knowledge of what Homer and Virgil had left behind them. In measure as my attachment to these gentry wore off, I found a more welcome reception among those whose acquaintance it was more my interest to cultivate. But all this time was spent in painting a piece of wood that had no life in it. At last I began to think indeed; I found myself in possession of many baubles, but not one grain of solidity in all my treasures. Then I learned the truth, and then I lost it, and there ends my history. I would no more than you wish to live such a life over again, but for one reason. He that is carried to execution, though through the roughest road, when he arrives at the destined spot would be glad, notwithstanding the many jolts he met with, to repeat his journey."

Of a literary cast the following occurs in 1781, when the "Task," &c. was published; and as "Johnson's Memoirs" are again on the tapis in a popular shape, the opinions expressed will be more apposite to the hour:—

"I have no objection in the world to your conveying a copy to Dr. Johnson, though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should happen to be displeased, would soon find

its way into all companies and spoil the sale. He writes, indeed, like a man that thinks a great deal, and that sometimes thinks religiously; but report informs me that he has been severe enough in his animadversions upon Dr. Watts, who was, nevertheless, if I am in any degree a judge of verse, a man of true poetical ability; careless, indeed, for the most part, and inattentive too often to those niceties which constitute elegance of expression, but frequently sublime in his conceptions and masterly in his execution. Pope, I have heard, had placed him once in the 'Dunciad'; but, on being advised to read before he judged him, was convinced that he deserved other treatment, and thrust somebody's block-head into the gap, whose name, consisting of a monosyllable, happened to fit it. Whatever faults, however, I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence. I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and, though my doctrines may offend this king of critics, he will not, I flatter myself, be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy, either in the numbers, rhymes, or language. Let the rest take its chance. It is possible he may be pleased; and, if he should, I shall have engaged on my side one of the best trumpeters in the kingdom. Let him only speak as favourably of me as he has spoken of Sir Richard Blackmore (who, though he shines in his poem called 'Creation,' has written more absurdities in verse than any writer of our country), and my success will be secured. \* \* \* 'Retirement' grows, but more slowly than any of its predecessors. Time was when I could with ease produce fifty, sixty, or seventy lines in a morning; now, I generally fall short of thirty, and am sometimes forced to be content with a dozen. It consists at present, I suppose, of between six and seven hundred; so that there are hopes of an end, and I dare say Johnson will give me time enough to finish it.

I nothing add but this—that still I am  
Your most affectionate and humble

WILLIAM."

From Mr. Newton's answer Cowper finds he has been in error about Johnson's opinion of Watts; and he says in reply:—

"I am glad to be undeceived respecting the opinion I had been erroneously led into on the subject of Johnson's criticism on Watts. Nothing can be more judicious, or more characteristic of a distinguishing taste, than his observations upon that writer; though I think him a little mistaken in his notion that divine subjects have never been poetically treated with success. A little more Christian knowledge and experience would perhaps enable him to discover excellent poetry upon spiritual themes in the aforesaid little doctor. I perfectly acquiesce in the propriety of sending Johnson a copy of my productions; and I think it would be well to send it in our joint names, accompanied with a handsome card, such a one as you will know how to fabricate, and such as may predispose him to a favourable perusal of the book, by coaxing him into a good temper; for he is a great bear, with all his learning and penetration."\*

One other selection shall complete this variety in our Review; and the whole, we imagine, must recommend the work, though its embellishments yet lag behind, in consequence of the anxiety to get the start of the other announced edition. It is personal to the author, but contains some just criticism:—

"A French author I was reading last night says, he that has written will write again. If

\* "Goldsmith used to say of Johnson, that he had nothing of the bear but the external roughness of its coat."

the critics do not set their foot upon this first egg that I have laid and crush it, I shall probably verify his observations; and, when I feel my spirits rise, and that I am armed with industry sufficient for the purpose, undertake the production of another volume. At present, however, I do not feel myself so disposed; and, indeed, he that would write should read; not that he may retail the observations of other men, but that, being thus refreshed and replenished, he may find himself in a condition to make and to produce his own. I reckon it among my principle advantages, as a composer of verses, that I have not read an English poet these thirteen years, and but one these twenty years. Imitation, even of the best models, is my aversion; it is servile and mechanical, a trick that has enabled many to usurp the name of author, who could not have written at all, if they had not written upon the pattern of somebody indeed original. But when the ear and the taste have been much accustomed to the manner of others, it is almost impossible to avoid it; and we imitate, in spite of ourselves, just in proportion as we admire."\*

#### WILKINSON'S THEBES AND EGYPT.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

MR. WILKINSON, after his ample illustrations of ancient Thebes, carries his readers along with him to many sites of the chiefest interest in Egypt. Alexandria, Cairo (which he properly spells, not as corrupted by the Italians, but, *Qaherah*), the pyramids, the sphynx, Memphis, Lake Mæris, and the country to the Red Sea, the banks of the river, the Oases, and their remains and antiquities, are all passed in review; and many curious particulars unfolded, the more valuable because their accuracy can be depended upon. Our author is not a traveller or theorist who jumps at conclusions; but a patient explorer and copier, such as the effectual investigation of long buried monuments wants. We shall proceed to note a few examples. Speaking of Sir John Soane's magnificent sarcophagus, he reminds us that:—

"Sarcophagus is a word of convention. The stone (*lapis æzsius*), from which stone coffins originally derived their name, sarcophagus, destroyed the body in forty days. It was said to be from Assos, a town of Troas or Mysia." And he adds the following just remark:—"I do not imagine the sacred person of an Egyptian king would be exposed in the inviting situation of these sarcophagi, especially when they took so much care to conceal the bodies of inferior subjects. It is true the entrance was closed, but the position of a monarch's tomb would be known to many besides the priesthood, and traditionally remembered by others, some of whom, in later times, it might reasonably be expected, would not reverence the memory of one they had no longer any inducement to respect. The priests must have foreseen the chance of this at least. Tombs have been plundered in very early times; some were the resting-places of later occupants, some burnt and re-occupied (probably on the Persian invasion), and others usurped by Greeks. Many of the sepulchres of the kings were open from a very remote period, and seen by Greek and Roman visitors."

These circumstances tend much to perplex inquiry; but perseverance, and the collection of data, will, we trust, enable us to surmount every difficulty. One important channel is pointed out in the annexed paragraph:—

\* We ought to note that the Private Correspondence was printed some ten years ago, but, owing to some differences, locked up since then from the public.—*Ed. L. G.*

"Many other mounds in various parts of the Delta mark the sites of ancient towns, and it is greatly to be regretted that this part of the country has been so little examined, especially as some light might possibly be thrown on the remains of a very interesting period. Another object worthy of the attention of future travellers is the ancient library of a Copt convent at the Natron Lakes, where, besides many other curious manuscripts, is a Coptic and Arabic dictionary, which, though it cannot be purchased, might be copied, on a proper application for that purpose to the patriarch at Qaherah. And as the study of hieroglyphics and our future insight into the long-lost language and early history of Egypt depend entirely on the possession of a similar work, it would at the present moment be an inestimable acquisition."

Assuredly it would; and no pains ought to be spared in obtaining a copy of this invaluable key. A knowledge of the old Coptic is what we need most: with this and a concise dictionary of hieroglyphics and signs already deciphered, well-arranged lists of the Gods with their places of worship, the cartouches of Pharaohs, from the various tables and monuments, as well as the dynasties of ancient authors distinctly set in juxtaposition, and (almost above all) a classification of synonymes, the shroud of mystery which still hangs over the subject, and only pierced by a few faint rays, might soon confess the presence of a certain, strong, and guiding light. Mr. Wilkinson, one possessed of the best information, says:—

"In introducing some of the names given by Manetho and Eratosthenes, I neither pretend to fix the precise era of their reigns, nor the actual succession of those kings; nor can I follow Manetho in the division of his first dynasties, which have every appearance, owing probably to the inaccuracies of his copyists, of having been greatly misplaced. Indeed, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, do not at all accord with the names remaining on the monuments, if, as there is every reason to induce us to admit, the eighteenth contains the same series of kings mentioned by that author. With respect to the shepherd-kings, there is a considerable difficulty in fixing the exact era of their invasion, while some suppose it to be merely an exaggerated account of the power of the Jewish tribes in Egypt; but at all events the story of their inroads into that country, as given by Josephus, one of the copyists of Manetho, bears the evident stamp of anachronism, and in some parts of pure invention. Whatever may have been the motive of the mysterious secrecy observed by the priesthood respecting the original object of the pyramids, it does not appear at all probable they were the work of foreigners, or of a tyrant at variance with the priests of the established religion of the country: much less that they were accidentally made to correspond with the four cardinal points, with their faces of a certain angle, which, in other pyramids to the southward, seems to increase in proportion to the decrease of their latitude; nor would priests and grandees of succeeding ages have felt so anxious to have their tombs in the vicinity of monuments, that, according to the too credulous Herodotus, were solely memorials of their country's oppression. For my own part, I consider them purely Egyptian, and totally inconsistent with the notions of those Arab tribes, called Shepherds by Manetho, whose invasion probably dated after their erection, and whose expulsion must, at least, have preceded the accession of the first Osirtesen; though that of the Jews, with whom they have been confounded, ap-

pears to have happened during the time of the eighteenth dynasty. I am aware that the era of Menes might be carried to a much more remote period than the date I have assigned it; but as we have as yet no authority, further than the uncertain statements of Manetho's copyists, to enable us to fix the time and number of the reigns intervening between his accession and that of Apappus, I have not placed him earlier, for fear of interfering with the date of the deluge of Noah, which is 2348 B.C. In the fifteenth dynasty I have been guided by the tablet of kings at Thebes, which gives one Diospolis between Menes and the eighteenth dynasty. Manetho makes it consist of six Phœnician shepherd kings! I have already stated my reasons for considering Amosis and Chebron one and the same king; and this conjecture gains considerable weight from the fact, that Manetho, as quoted by Syncellus, mentions the name of Amosis, without assigning any number of years for his reign; and the total of years allowed by him for the duration of this dynasty agrees exactly with that of the reigns of the remaining monarchs. The contemporary reigns of Shishak and Solomon are the earliest fixed epoch for the construction of a chronological table; but reckoning back the number of years of each king's reign, either according to Manetho, the dates on the monuments, or the average length of their ordinary duration, we may arrive at a fair approximation; and the epoch alluded to on the ceiling of the Memnonium, mentioned in the note on Remeses II., seems greatly to confirm my opinion respecting the accession of that prince; and, allowing for the reigns of the intervening monarchs, his predecessors, to make the Exodus of the Israelites agree with Manetho's departure of the Pastors in the reign of Thothmes III. But I offer this table with great deference, and shall willingly yield to any opinion that may be established on more positive and authentic grounds. The government of Egypt appears first to have been, as with the Jews, a hierarchy, which was successively composed of the priests of one or other of the principal deities; but its duration is uncertain. We then come to the Kings, the first of whom, by universal consent, was Menes."

With Menes, therefore, he commences his valuable chronological table, which must be an immense help to future essayists. The following point is also worth quoting:—

"E'Khmim, on the east bank of the river, is the site of Chemmis, or Panopolis, in Coptic, Chmim, formerly one of the most considerable cities of the Thebaid. A long inscription, bearing the date of the twelfth year of the emperor Trajanus Germanicus Dacicus, points out the site of the Temple of Pan, who, as we learn from this dedication, shared with Thriphis the honours of the sanctuary. We also ascertain another very important fact from this inscription, that the deity who has been called Priapus, and Mendes, is in reality the Pan\* of Egypt, since his figure is represented on the same face of the block with the dedication."

Respecting the Red Sea, becoming daily more interesting to Europeans, we read:—

"During my stay on the coast of the Red Sea, I had occasion to observe the remarkable saltness of its water, and succeeded in ascertaining that it contained much more saline matter than the ocean. I have since been favoured by Dr. Ure with the analysis of some water brought by me from Berenice, from which it results that the specific gravity is 1.035; that 1000 grains

of water contain 43 of saline matter, of which about four grains are muriate of lime, with a little muriate of magnesia, and the remainder muriate of soda, with a little sulphate of magnesia. The specific gravity of water of the open ocean in the same latitude is only 1.028, and contains not more than 36 grains of saline matter in a similar quantity."

As this belongs to natural history, we will add another note:—

"It is remarkable that snails, so very common throughout the Isthmus of Suez, are not met with to the south of Wádee Askher, or about latitude 29° 20', but I do not here perceive any change in the productions of the soil; and the line of distinction in the vegetable world may be drawn about latitude 28° 50', a little to the south of which commence the granites and other primitive mountains of the desert. Beyond el Khanka is the dépôt of the new troops; and about Belbays, are several ruined towns on lofty mounds, traditionally called 'of the Jews,' probably from those who settled about Onion,† and the same who joined with Mithridates of Pergamum, on his advancing to assist J. Caesar."

We remark that Mr. Wilkinson, in discussing the routes of communication with India through Egypt, is favourable to the passage from Bombay to Kossáyr, or Suez, and strongly recommends the use of a small steamer on the Nile itself at Qeneh, or Coptos, and thence to Boolák, the port of Qáherah, and Rasheed, *alias* Rosetta, or the mouth of the Nile:—

"In either case (he observes) whether Suez or Kossáyr be adopted as the port to which the steamer should come from India, there is every reason to condemn the project of a railway communication from the Red Sea to the Nile, as well as the re-opening of the Suez canal. But as these must appear manifestly chimerical to every one who considers the subject, and is acquainted with the localities, it is not necessary to detain the reader by any arguments against them; but I must observe, that so great an expense could never be repaid, and that camels would supply the place of either at a very trifling charge. Time is the only object which would be gained; but as a dromedary will perform the journey from Suez to Qáherah in twelve or thirteen hours, and camels in thirty-two; or from Kossáyr to Coptos in fifteen hours, and camels in about forty-three, the difference between this mode of communication and the former can never be considered an equivalent to the immense disproportion in the expense. And to give an idea of what this would be, it will suffice to state that a camel is hired from the Arabs at the trifling sum of fifty or sixty piastres a-month, without any extra charge, except a small present to the driver, of about one-sixth of the above. The camels are engaged at this price by the government, and carry only 310 rotles, or lbs. Troy; but an additional sum, making a total of about 100 piastres, would satisfy the Arabs, and enable their camels to carry an increased load. Besides this, the frequent injuries which would be purposely done to a railway by the Arabs, who must naturally look upon it as hostile to their interests, would

\* "After the vernal equinox, the Red Sea is lower than in winter; but the prevalence of the south wind after the month of September causes a considerable rise of its level. The town of Suez probably stands on the site of Qoizim: Some pretend that Qoizim signifies 'destruction' (i. e. of Pharaoh's host), and that the name of the neighbouring mountain of Atáqia, 'deliverance,' refers to the Exodus of the Israelites. The Moslems say it was so called from being the first signal of deliverance from the perils of the pilgrimage."

† These are, perhaps, the 'five cities in the land of Egypt,' which, according to Isaiah, were to 'speak the language of Canaan.'—Ch. xix. 18. "The city of destruction" also reads 'the city of the sun.'"

\* "Suidas is wrong in saying Priapus is called by the Egyptians, Heros. The hieroglyphic name of Pan is Khomo, or Hemmo (Chemmis, or Ham)."



entail great expense and trouble on this mode of communication; and the difficulty, I may say impossibility of preventing them, or of punishing the offenders, can well be understood by every one who is acquainted with the life and manners of this wandering people. And though I do not pretend to decide which of the two routes is the more eligible one, I confess it is my opinion that Kossayr to Coptos is to be preferred."

On the subject of another route most interesting at this moment, we regret to find that our author differs from others whose opinions we would fain hope are well founded. He says:—

"With regard to the communication with India by the Euphrates, I shall make a few remarks, and, without wishing to find fault with what has been suggested on this head, I must confess that it appears to me unlikely to answer. And, indeed, it is sufficient to remember the character of the people throughout a great portion of that line, to be persuaded that they will constantly throw the most serious obstacles in the way, and ultimately render it both troublesome and dangerous. The Arabs are not to be quieted by force, nor can so many be gained over by money; and, indeed, if this last measure be resorted to, their demands will never cease, and the example of one tribe will be followed by all. But if they evince any hostile feeling, which in all probability will happen, the injury they can do, and the impossibility of its prevention, will then be as much felt as the impolicy of the undertaking. An oracle forewarned Neco, when re-opening the canal between the Nile and the Red Sea, that he was working for the barbarian; and it may be fairly asked, if we establish a communication by the Euphrates, and do succeed in reconciling the people of the vicinity to such an innovation, whether we are not committing the same error as the Egyptian Pharaoh, and indirectly labouring for our disadvantage?"

We have not entered into any of Mr. W.'s statements respecting the modern condition of Egypt, as, indeed, he does not bestow much of his attention upon it. Still there are some things which, even in its ever varying features, are worthy of political consideration.

*A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, with Cases; including a particular Consideration of the more frequent and intractable Forms of these Affections.* By Jonathan Green, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 372. London, 1835. Whittaker and Co.

FROM his great experience and extensive and successful practice in the treatment of diseases of the skin, Dr. Green is, probably, above all other living medical men, the most competent to give us a sound and judicious practical compendium on the subject. Of its importance to humanity it is unnecessary to speak. The prevalence of some of these disorders, the disgust they inspire, the pain with which they are attended, and the frequent fatal consequences of their neglect or inveteracy, are but too obvious, not only amid the filth of the crowded city and manufacturing places, but in the best air of the country and in the most healthful occupations. The public is therefore infinitely indebted to Dr. Green for this able and comprehensive view, for the information he supplies, and for the remedies he suggests. Among the latter are naturally pre-eminent those in which his own practice has been found so effectual. The curative effects of the hot-air and sulphur-fume baths are no longer speculative means for the eradication of cutaneous diseases. Dr. Green, whose beginning in this branch of treatment

we noticed with approbation, has, since that period, improved much in applying his principles to the desirable end of converting morbid into healthy action in the skin; and we can state, of our own knowledge, of the benefits experienced by numerous patients, that few indeed resort to these baths without being perfectly restored, or having their malady so much mitigated as to render its continuance no longer a cause of constant irritation and unceasing uneasiness. We heartily recommend both the work and the system it advocates.

*A Visit to Iceland, by way of Tronjem, in the "Flower of Yarrow" Yacht, in the Summer of 1834.* By J. Barrow, Junior, author of "Excursions in the North of Europe." Pp. 320. London, 1835. Murray.

EMBELLISHED with numerous woodcuts, as well executed as the subjects are interesting; we again hail our young and rising author, whose second effort is a great literary improvement upon his first essay, much as that deserved the praise and popularity which attended it. Having merely had time to skim it through, and observe how ably Mr. Barrow has acquitted himself, we will content ourselves (for the present) with saying, that his volume is observant and characteristic, and the reading so pleasant, that we seem to be travelling over the ice with him, enjoying every object within the reach of vision.

*ΔΙΕΥΤΑΥΤ ΕΙΤΑ ΕΠΙ ΘΗΒΑΣ. The Text of Dindorf; with Notes, compiled and abridged by John Griffiths, M.A.* 8vo. pp. 119. 1835. Oxford, Parker; London, Whittaker.

A VERY good edition of the *Septem Contra Thebas*. The editor has displayed considerable judgment in his selection of the text, as well as in the numerous excellent English notes with which it is accompanied.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Colburn's Modern Novels; Vol. III: O'Donnel, by Lady Morgan.*—The first volume, one of Lady Morgan's best productions comprised in one neat volume, with a portrait of her ladyship looking up most beautifully and genius-like, a pretty vignette, a most flaming dedication to the Duke of Devonshire for having frequently distinguished Ireland by his presence, and a moderate preface, is surely a publication to sustain the commencing popularity of this series for cheapness and interest. The author defends novels from the charge of attempting too grave themes when, like this, they take up such subjects as Catholic emancipation, &c.; and asserts her womanhood against all impugnments of Blue Stockingism, as one who has always written from feeling and not from malice aforethought. There are two words of Latin, also, in the wrong tense, to prove that her ladyship is not really a Blue.

*The Sacred Classics, or Cabinet Library of Divinity, Vol. XV.* (London, Hatchard and Son, &c. &c.)—Mr. Cattermole, one of the able editors of this work, has shewn great talent and good sense, as well as piety, in his introductory essay to this volume, which, appropriately for the season, contains a Selection of Sermons for Lent, by Secker, Atterbury, Tillotson, Taylor, Wesley, Horsley, Donne, and other eminent divines. While enforcing reflection on the instability of this world, and a consequent regard to a future of immortal value, neither the editor nor the great authorities whom he has brought forward would teach us to reject the enjoyments with which a bounteous providence has filled creation, if the created were only wise enough to use them for the best.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, LXIV. History: The Germanic Empire, by S. A. Dunham, Esq. LL.D. Vol. II.* (London, Longman and Co.)—In this the writer continues the early history of the houses of Hapsburg, Luxemburg, and Bavaria; and chalks out the principal features of the Hanseatic league and the Germanic church for seven centuries and a half (752 to 1493). The whole is replete with information, and the abundant matter ably compressed.

*Legends of the North, and Border Minstrelsy, selected chiefly from the Works of Sir Walter Scott.* 18th ed. pp. 168. (London, Tilt; Edinburgh, Menzies; Dublin, Wakeman.)—A pretty little book, and an extremely dishonest one. The compiler pretends to say that the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," one of the most celebrated and universally read even of Scott's productions, was and is "consistently the least popular;" and, as it is so obscure, he has taken upon himself to pick out a nice little pudding of its plums to sell on his own account. This is

simply one of the easy ways of living upon other men's brains, without needing to have any of your own. As Barrington used to drink the toast "Success to swindling!"

*Father's Parliamentary Companion.*—Another sixpenny north of parliamentary information, and commendable for giving the two addresses of Lords and Commons. Except some errors of orthography, which bespeak haste (such as Bletschoe, Tullamore, &c. of no consequence), we have found our dips for reference very satisfactory. The prefixed plan of the temporary houses of Parliament is an excellent feature.

*Peasnes de David: Traduction Nouvelle, avec l'Anglais en regard, par Jonas Vuillet.* (A Londres, Nisbet; Macon.)—For the class of French protestants who desire a pure and literal version of the *Peasnes*, this little volume is in every sense desirable; and for the English student of the French language it is valuable, not only as a religious, but as a lesson book. The translation is faithfully and well done; and the whole performance, as well as the design, reflects much credit on M. Vuillet.

*Lectures on the Means of Promoting and Preserving Health, delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Spitalfields, by T. Hodgkin, M.D.* Pp. 448. (London, Arch; Darton and Harvey; Highley; Fry.)—Full of plain, sensible, and practical advice, delivered where such material was calculated to be most useful; we are glad that Dr. Hodgkin has been induced to publish these lectures in a cheap form, so that they may circulate widely among the classes of people whom they are well calculated to benefit, and be read by many who had not the opportunity of listening to them.

*Arcana of Science and Art, or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions, New Facts, &c. in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy, with several Engravings.* Pp. 316. (London, Limbird.)—Diligently drawn from many sources, this volume contains much that is valuable; and those who desire to watch the forward progress of science within a small compass cannot do better than possess themselves of its movements in 1834 here collected into one focus.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE secretary on Limestone and calcareous cements. This was the fifth illustration of the session. Mr. Aikin took a survey of the calcareous raw materials employed in the construction of cements, beginning with the purest kinds of limestone, and terminating with those that contain the smallest proportions of carbonate of lime. The lecture was interesting and very comprehensive, tracing, as it did, the various modes of cementing, from the ancients down to those of the present times; but we do not find it necessary to enter upon details. Some curious specimens of limestone were placed on the table, and were frequently referred to.

##### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The communication read was an account of recent travels in Upper California, by Dr. Coulter. After a geographical description of the country, and noticing sundry popular errors arising out of the earlier Spanish expeditions under Columbus and his immediate followers, in their attempts at a discovery of a western passage to the islands of the Pacific and to China, the author presented tables of his observations made at Rio Colorado, in order to ascertain the rate of his chronometer; the change of which was about one second daily, attributable, perhaps, to the excessive heat (140° Fahrenheit) and the change of the chronometer's position. Dr. C. aware of the doubts entertained by many persons about using a chronometer at all on shore, from the difficulty of transplanting it safely, particularly on horseback, had his chronometer belted tight against the abdomen; and there he wore it day and night, until he was obliged to leave off the belt in which it was carried, and to allow it to lie horizontally. The author next gives an account of his travels inland, which we prefer, because he observes that the General Government is now making considerable efforts to colonise Upper California from Mexico, under the apprehension that, if not done, the North Americans will immigrate in too great numbers. This apprehension, how-

ever, he says, appears to be hardly rational, as the lands still at the disposal of the state are in California, as they always have been in the Spanish Colonies, given gratis, at the discretion of government, and not sold to the best bidder, as in the United States. The great article of produce in Upper California is black cattle, and their increase has been really prodigious. It is not yet seventy years since their first introduction, to the number of only twenty-three head. In 1827 the missions possessed 210,000 branded cattle, and it was supposed not fewer than 100,000 unbranded. It is found necessary to slaughter not less than 60,000 annually, to keep the stock down to its present standard, which, it is supposed, it could not much exceed with advantage until more of the country to the eastward shall have been settled. The young cows usually bear a calf before they are two years old, which, with the practice commonly observed of not killing a cow capable of bearing, will account for their rapid increase. Sheep have increased nearly as rapidly, but are as yet of little interest to the trade of the country, no export of wool from California having been heard of by our traveller. Sheep are rarely slaughtered for consumption, as their price has been kept up by the priests either without any definite motive, or, which is perhaps more near the truth, from some mistaken calculation. It is sufficiently strange, that when the fattest bullock is worth only eight dollars, and can very rarely be sold at all, and where young cows in calf can be bought in droves at about two dollars, and frequently less, a sheep cannot be had for less than three dollars. This state of things cannot, of course, last long: the destruction of the missions, now in progress, will throw into the market a stock of about 200,000 head, which must soon fall to its proper value. The number of the white inhabitants are estimated at 6000, and they are augmenting; the reverse, however, is the case with the aboriginal inhabitants, though a person would suppose they ought at least not to have lost ground, not having been driven from their homes, as in the United States, nor having had ardent spirits at all within their reach until lately. But they have been compelled to live under restraint they could not bear, and to labour a little, to neither of which they would submit if they could possibly avoid it. Though the fact is as far as possible dissembled, the author believes a great deal both of force and fraud were used in congregating them in missions, and the moment that force shall be altogether withdrawn, he has no doubt the majority of them will return to the woods; their decrease is much accelerated by the failure of female offspring, or the much greater number of deaths among the females in early youth than among the males. The author alludes to the probable causes of this decrease or disparity of numbers, and adds that all the missions of Lower California have perished, or are perishing, from this cause, or at least with this accompanying circumstance; and in Upper California, in almost all the missions, a great many of the men cannot find wives. The political reforms now in active operation in California, and of which the first and most important measure is the destruction of the missions, will enable the white inhabitants to acquire possession of the great bulk of the mission lands; and, though agreeably to the spirit of the Spanish laws, which certainly were meant to afford the Indians a degree of protection unknown in our old colonies, they may for a long time retain a portion of their ancient possessions, it is but too probable that the com-

bination of their own vices, to which they cling, with those of their intruding neighbours, which they very easily acquire, will insure the ultimate annihilation of a race which exhibits so few traces of moral energy. The author observes that the vegetation of California, as well as its fauna, are well worthy of the most attentive consideration. The paper was an exceedingly interesting one.

Capt. McKinnochie announced the painful intelligence of the death of Mr. Douglas, the botanist. He had fallen into one of the pits dug by the Sandwich islanders for the purpose of catching wild bulls, one of which was within it at the time, and gored our unfortunate countryman to such an extent as to cause his death. Extracts of a letter from General Miller, on the present state of South America, principally Chili, Lima, Callao, and Valparaiso, were also read. To these we may hereafter refer.

Several fellows were elected.

#### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE meeting on Wednesday at the Thatched House was most numerously attended by members and visitors. Many beautiful drawings were placed on the tables, and, among others, Mr. Harding's recent sketches made in the Southern Tyrol and on the Rhine. Mr. J. Lewis' drawings of costume, character, and scenery in Spain; Mr. Jones' beautiful tracings and drawings from the Alhambra; Sir Grenville Temple's and Mr. Catherwood's drawings in Africa, and many beautiful productions by Turner, Derby, Roberts, and other artists.

#### EXPERIMENT TO PRODUCE LIGHT IN WATER.

To illuminate the depths of the ocean, and observe from the ethereal air above, the monsters of the deep, and the countless myriads of the finny tribe disporting in happy ignorance, or attacking one another to satisfy their craving appetite, the greater fish devouring those that are less, like the lords of the creation, may now, perhaps, be considered an amusement quite practicable, supplying naturalists and men of science with new and boundless sources of knowledge, wonder, and delight.

How truly has the great Apostle said, "We know in part, and we see in part!" When we are lightly skimming over the heaving surface of the deep, with nothing but a frail plank between us and eternity,—immensity above, around, and below,—how little do we think, how little do we know, what strange scenes may be taking place at that instant beneath our feet: yet this, which has been lying for so many ages before us, like a sealed volume, is now likely to be opened to our eyes, disclosing to our searching gaze a new and interesting page in the wonderful book of nature.

An experiment, to ascertain at what depth a white object might be visible in the sea, has just been made by a gentleman who has devoted much time and attention to extend the bounds of science. Having let down a metal plate, painted with white lead, he was able to distinguish it by moonlight at the depth of forty feet; while, by that of the sun, he lost sight of it at about eighty feet deep. This difference must seem surprising when we compare the intensity of the two lights—that of the sun being, according to Bouguer, *three hundred thousand times stronger* than that of the moon; but the dazzling which affects the eyes by the coruscation of the solar rays, does not allow us to be sensible to feeble impressions on the visual organs. Any instrument, therefore, which should enable us to see at great depths under

water, would be exceedingly useful, either in recovering any object that might be lost, or in constructing submarine works in sea-ports. A method used by fishermen to obtain this advantage consists in pouring oil upon the water to make it more transparent. In the Bay of Naples it is constantly practised by the fishermen at night. Their boats are provided with a composition which gives an intensely vivid flame, and is placed out at the stern. Attracted by the light, the fish follow it from every direction, keeping near the surface, and hovering around it like moths. They are then easily captured, after being struck or harpooned by four-pronged spears. Those who search for shell-fish (*frutti di mare*) in the day-time, near the shore, employ the same method, throwing little pebbles steeped in oil before them. The gentleman, who was acquainted with this simple contrivance, wishing to ascertain its efficacy, poured a small quantity of oil on the sea, and was thereby enabled to distinguish shells and other objects, which had not been visible to him before. When oil is thrown on the surface of water which is not confined by banks, the coat extends itself to a great distance, becoming thinner and thinner, until it can no longer be distinguished separate from the water. The effect of the oil is, apparently, to draw off, as it spreads, those little objects which prevent the transparency of the water by floating on its surface. All the experiments hitherto made tend to corroborate this assertion; one of them in particular is very conclusive. Half a spoonful of olive-oil having been poured near the edge of a large oval sheet of water, on which the wind had blown a quantity of acacia flowers, it was observed, that in a few seconds afterwards, one half of the surface was completely swept of these floating flowers, and that they were all collected on the opposite part. Similar experiments are still in progress. If they prove successful, we may hope to discover

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,"

and see with our eyes *Doris* and her fifty daughters reposing in some coral cave; *Proteus* and his flock; *Triton* sounding his hollow conch; and Father *Neptune* himself, though not as in the days of Homer, when rising above the surface—

"From isle to isle three ample strides he took,  
And at the fourth the distant Æge shook!"

but driving his dolphins with the speed of lightning through the immensity of his watery realm.

R. E.

Paris, March 6th, 1835.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

##### CLASSICAL TRIPOS.—March 2d, 1835.

*First Class.*—Goulburn, Howes, Harris, Rawle, Merivale, Grote, Cooper, Trinity College; Wilkinson, Clare Hall; Cotterill, Richards, Joh. College.

*Second Class.*—Beadon, Joh. College; Hue, Scrivener, Trinity College; Drake, Joh. College; Senger, Trinity College; Meade, Caius College; Laing, Joh. College; Ramsey, Pembroke College; Legrew, Bishop, Joh. College; Proctor, Catherine Hall; Wackerbath, Corpus Christi College.

*Third Class.*—Waltham, Joh. College; Stocks, Ellison, Leefe, Trinity College; Tildard, Barber, Joh. College; Dixon, Sidney College; A. Smith, Joh. College; Howes, Trinity Hall; White, Joh. College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts.*—G. Maynard, Caius College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. H. Lenthley, S. Ray, W. P. Jesson, J. B. Hyndman, N. R. Herring, E. Gordon, Trinity College; R. J. Atty, E. O. Hornby, St. John's College; B. A. Marshall, St. Peter's College; J. Fellowes, Clare Hall; W. D. B. Bertles, Pembroke College; E. H. Houghton, J. B. Meadows, Corpus Christi College; R. Laurie, H. Holmes, J. D. Prior, Queen's College; C. Bush, Catherine Hall; T. Walker, Jesus College; T. H. Martin, H. Finch, Christ's College; H. Nussey, H. W. Beauford, Magdalen College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Rev. P. Jennings, D.D., vice-president, in the chair.—A paper "On the zenith telescope," by John Pond, Esq., F.R.S., was read. The following is our abstract of the communication entitled, "Researches towards establishing a theory of the dispersion of light," by the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A. F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. The present state of the question with regard to the theory of dispersion has been very inadequately understood. It has been much a subject of contention, and employed as a weapon of controversy between the partisans of the molecular and undulating theories, when, in point of fact, the question of theory at all is absolutely premature; since we have not as yet so much as obtained a knowledge of the law of the phenomena; nay, even but a very small portion of those phenomena themselves have been, as yet, ascertained with that degree of accuracy which can enable us to discover the law which may connect them. The subject is one of the highest interest; and of that class which is within the range of popular elucidation. The brilliant phenomenon of the prismatic spectrum is known to every educated person. But from the time when Newton first analysed it, down to a very recent period, hardly a single step was made towards a more accurate knowledge of its nature. Dr. Wollaston and M. Fraunhofer independently discovered that when the light is admitted through a very narrow aperture, the spectrum is marked by a number of very fine dark lines. These afford definite points of measurement; and by means of them Fraunhofer determined, with great accuracy, the numerical amount (or "index") of the refraction for each part or ray of the spectrum. It had before been found that this differed greatly according to the nature of the substance of the prism; but hardly any thing like an accurate numerical estimate of it existed until Fraunhofer carried on his very precise measurements for each ray in prisms of ten different substances. These form, indeed, but a limited part of the whole mass of transparent bodies; but his determinations, as far as they go, are admirable and invaluable; they constitute, in truth, our whole accurate knowledge of the facts. But the series of numbers which he gives are not (apparently) connected by any law. The great desideratum, then, of the science at present is, 1st, To discover, if possible, some such law or relation subsisting among these numbers. 2dly, To extend both the observations and the investigation of the law to other transparent bodies. Both these objects have been undertaken by the author of this paper. The first alone is that which occupies the present communication. Another set of data has also been furnished by M. Fraunhofer, viz. the accurate values of the periods (called by Newton "fits," by the undulationists "waves") for each of the rays. From the elaborate investigations of M. Cauchy, the author has deduced a theoretical formula, which expresses a relation between the length of the period for each ray and its refractive index. This formula he has proceeded to put to the test of numerical comparison; and, by a laborious calculation of every one of the cases given by Fraunhofer, has established for all those substances the exact accordance of the phenomena with the formula. Thus the desired law of the facts appears to be made out for every case as yet known; and the author proposes, without delay, to commence the inquiry into the cases of other transparent bodies.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT in the chair.—From the tempestuous state of the weather the meeting was very thinly attended. Some further extracts were read from Mr. Hallam's volume of Documents and Correspondence from the time of Henry VIII. to that of James I. One was a letter missive from Henry VIII. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for raising a loan or gratuity from the clergy and all religious establishments, of one-third of their annual revenues where they exceeded ten pounds, and a fourth of those below that sum, to provide the king for an expedition into France.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

IN two or three of our latest *Gazettes* we have had the pleasure to notice very gratifying examples of the right feelings with which his Majesty's ministers have directed attention and patronage to that which, after all the turmoil and contention of the times, will reflect a far more lasting honour than any political triumphs can bestow—we mean—to the literary claims and talent of their country. The baronetage conferred on Sir John Barrow might be equally due to his great official services; but that offered to Southey was purely a tribute to genius; and as it was declined, we have reason to believe that an increase of the laureat's pension will still mark, instead, the high consideration in which he is held.

Next we observe, with much gratification, the London living of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, conferred spontaneously, and in the most handsome manner, by the Lord Chancellor, on Dr. Croly, whose works, both as a divine and a poet, render such an act an act of national acceptance.

Again, the promised restoration of the royal associates to the Royal Society of Literature has been universally hailed with applause, not by men of letters alone, but by the popular voice throughout the kingdom.

And, lastly, we copy the annexed, in just keeping with the preceding, from the *Cambridge Chronicle*:—"Every admirer of true talent, and friend of the university, will be rejoiced to hear that Sir Robert Peel has communicated to Professor Airy his Majesty's intention of allowing him an annuity of 300*l.*, in consideration of the eminent services which he has rendered to the cause of general science."

Let government be assured that present friends and strength, as well as future fame, are the reward of such proceedings.

\* Since writing the above, we observe that the statements which originally appeared in our *Gazette*, touching the restoration of the pensions to the Royal Associates of the Royal Society of Literature, and other patronage of literary men, so interesting to every friend of literature and the cultivation of national refinement and happiness, have led to many remarks and suggestions among the best-informed of our contemporaries in the periodical press. Among others, a letter signed "Cantabrigiensis," in the *Times*, and some observations by the editor, on the case of the Rev. Mr. Kidd, induce us to add a few words on the subject, though with respect to the latter individual we have no information beyond what the *Times* furnishes. With regard, however, to the other portion of the matter, we rejoice to see that the disposition evinced by the present ministers to mark their appreciation of eminent scholars and authors, and to encourage others to follow the example they see honoured and rewarded, has so generally received the applause of the intelligence of the country. It must be gratifying to the objects of their pa-

tronage, and gratifying also, and stimulating to themselves. Sir R. Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Goulburn, Earl De Grey, Sir George Murray, the Earl of Haddington, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Lord Mahon, and Sir F. Pollock, of their own number, are, by various ties in their preceding lives and connexions, as it were, bounden friends to learning and the arts and sciences. If they desire lasting fame, as well as the benefit of their native land, they will do well to remember these ties, even in the stormiest days of politics and the yet more engrossing fatigues of their official duties.

What we think must enhance the regret and sympathy expressed at the unlooked-for stoppage of the pensions granted through the Royal Society of Literature (and on which, when once assigned them, the distinguished persons to whom they were given must naturally have calculated for a permanent provision) is the circumstance that they were cut off during the two or three last years of several of their holders, when more than at other times needful for their comfort and consolation. Thus Coleridge and Malthus, as we have mentioned, and Roscoe and Edward Davies (whose names at the moment escaped our memory), died, deprived of the bounty which was, in its gift, munificently intended to cheer their closing hours; and, what was more grateful still, declare a nation's sense of their labours and merits. Four out of ten, in three years, had passed beyond that bourne, where either royal favours or the applause of admiring compatriots could reach them more. After life's fitful fever they slept well.\* But should the mournful lesson be lost upon us in respect to those who are still spared to grace the age they have enlightened? The late (Lord Grey's) administration, besides the laudatory act of conferring a pension on the venerable Dalton, did restore Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Millington to their places; and we have only to lament that the act was partial (we do not mean the word invidiously, but), not general. To Coleridge, we believe, a pension to a similar amount was offered; but it came not in the shape which made the original so acceptable to the noble and independent mind of the poet—it was not the election of a body deputed by the throne, and componently eminent for learning and genius, but the no doubt kind and well-intended work of individual recommendation—and, with all the proud spirit of his order, the bard felt that the personal obligation would be a burden on his free soul. Four of the class of associates still remain; and when we record their names, it will at once be acknowledged how acceptable their restoration will be to the people of England, and how much credit it will reflect on the government. Sir William Ouseley, the universally distinguished Persian traveller, geographer, and orientalist; Sharon Turner, the admired historian of our island from its earliest days; the Rev. H. J. Todd, a name so splendidly connected with the works of Milton, of Spenser, and of Johnson, whose Dictionary he has so ably edited; † and Mathias, the classic and elegant, whose "Pursuits of Literature" gave us the poetry of Horace, while the notes evinced the learning of Scaliger;—these are the men whom the king delighted to honour, and

\* The last pensions to the ten royal associates were paid in 1830. In 1831, the Rev. Edward Davies, whose Celtic and ancient British researches are so curious and valuable, died; and speedily was followed to the grave by no fewer than three of his fellow-associates, viz. Roscoe, Coleridge, and Malthus.

† This learned gentleman has also enriched the library of the Society with a most valuable collection of philological works, on which his improvements on Johnson were formed.—*Ed. L. G.*



to whom their country would rejoice to see restitution made of this tribute, so poor and incommensurate with their deserts. It is glorious in England to give millions to the cause of humanity, and tens of millions to put an end to slavery; but it is no less consistent with sound policy and essential to glory to shew that she can estimate, while they adorn, instruct, and exalt her, the high endowments of those who will be immortal in her history and literature.

Not unconnected with our subject, and referring to another article during the present week in the ably-written journal to which we have alluded, we would take this opportunity of again directing consideration to the institution of an order or orders of merit, to be bestowed on persons whose productions or discoveries entitled them to some public acknowledgment. It may be true that the sign would be but a piece of tinsel or bit of riband; but what do men of generous minds toil for in this world? Not for mere sordid wealth; but for distinction and a name—a feather, or a button, if you please, for these are enough to shew they have achieved some object deserving of praise—a toy to bequeath, together with a lauded character, as a memorial to their children, and their children's children. It may be true that such a reward will be insufficient, and that there is no tribunal but the public, no judgment but that of the general voice, no measure of value but what open competition attains, which can adequately remunerate the successful candidate; but surely the two are not incompatible—on the contrary, they are closely linked together, and both are direct stimulants (more or less powerful as applied to differently constituted minds) to individual exertion and the noblest efforts. What the *Times* so clearly and excellently recommended as a measure to regenerate and re-animate our military force, so long as human nature is the same in all breasts, must be equally applicable to produce advantages and a better order of things in letters and science. The ambition of the scholar is no less than that of the soldier; and point but the path to celebrity, and life will be as profusely and, at least, as profitably to mankind, wasted over the midnight oil as in the bloody front of battle.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

At the general annual meeting on Wednesday H. T. Hope, Esq. M.P. and J. T. Hope, Esq. (one of the oldest and most zealous members of the Society) were elected vice-presidents, in the room of Earl Spencer and Lord de Dunstanville, deceased. The advantage of choosing vice-presidents who would bestow their attendance on the meetings, was earnestly enforced on this occasion; and is, indeed, too obvious to require argument. The benefit to the unfortunate who stand in need of aid, of having men of high rank and influence presiding and appreciating their claims, is one of its good effects; and the increase of the fund under such auspices, is another of no mean consequence. Indeed, we are of opinion that no person, however eminent, should accept of such offices without receiving them as trusts to perform certain duties; and duties, too, dear to every feeling of the heart, which can pity a class of the most forlorn and helpless of their fellow-creatures. Upon the council *vice* Mr. J. T. Hope, elected V. P., John Caley and Alexander Chalmers, Esqrs. deceased, John Britton, Esq. elected a registrar, and G. Woodfall, Esq. elected a treasurer, in the room of the lamented friend of the Institution, the Rev. Dr. Yates; were placed the Rev. W. Fallofield (who had resigned the office of registrar) and the Rev. H. Stebbing, James

Duncan, Esq., B. Bond Cabell, Esq., and T. Crofton Croker, Esq., from the general committee. Richard Gilbert, Esq. was elected an auditor, in the room of Mr. G. Woodfall; and to fill up the five vacancies in the general committee, A. J. Kempe, Esq., W. Brandreth, jun. Esq., John Dickinson, Esq., B. Hopkinson, Esq., and J. Rivington, Esq., were elected.

Rather more discussion than has been usual at former meetings took place; so that only two cases of relief were disposed of, and the rest, owing to the lateness of the hour, were obliged to be postponed for a week. We regret this—for a week to the miserable is a long period; and where they are concerned, the prevailing thirst for idle speech-making had better be repressed.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott's Lectures on Sculpture. Statistical, — Anniversary, 3 P.M. Phrenological, 8 P.M. Harveian, 8 P.M. Medical, 8 P.M. Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8½ P.M. Mr. John Taylor on Mineral Veins.
MONDAY.....	
TUESDAY....	Linnean, 8 P.M. Horticultural, 1 P.M. Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
WEDNESDAY...	Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Howard's Lectures on Painting.
THURSDAY...	Royal Society, 8½ P.M. Antiquaries, 8 P.M. Artists', &c. Conversazione, 8 P.M.
FRIDAY.....	Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
SATURDAY ...	Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M. Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: SUFFOLK STREET.

WE have had a glimpse of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, which will be opened to public view on Monday next; and, as far as we were able to judge from our brief and hurried inspection, it appeared to us to be one of the most varied and interesting of which the Society has had to boast. In the higher departments of art we were most struck with Haydon's *Cassandra*, and Martin's *Camp of Saul*. The landscapes and coast scenes are also full of talent: among the most conspicuous are Pyne's *Richmond Hill*, Holland's *Vale of Langollen*, Creswick's *Westminster Bridge*, a *Classical Composition* by Linton, and several fine productions by Stark, Allen, R. B. Davis, Wilson, Chambers, Sidney, Cooper, &c. Familiar life is happily illustrated by Buss, Prentice, Clater, Fisk, Poole, &c. There are also some clever portraits by Lonsdale, Hursllstone, J. P. Davis, &c. The water-colour room is enriched with some charming performances from the pencils of Miss Setchell, Mrs. Orderson, &c. But we will take an opportunity of examining the gallery more leisurely; and in our next number communicate to our readers the result of our observations.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings from the *Works of Henry Liverseege*. Part XI. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves. We were not aware that poor Liverseege had

left so many memorials of his fine talents. The three prints in the present *livraison* are all from original pictures, in the possession of gentlemen of Manchester and its neighbourhood; and are full of a painter's feeling. "Touchstone and Audrey," and "Meg Merillies meeting young Hazlewood," are very happily managed; but our favourite is "Hudibras and Ralpho," in which the melancholy abstraction of the unfortunate squire is singularly well conceived and expressed.

*Colman's Normandy, Picardy, &c., containing Views of some of the most picturesque Exteriors and Interiors of Cathedrals, Churches, and other Objects in Northern France.* Sketched from Nature, and drawn on Stone by himself. No. I.

MR. COLMAN states, that "upon returning from a recent tour in Normandy, Picardy, and other parts of France, he was advised by his professional friends to publish, from sketches taken on the spot, a series of views illustrative of that extensive portion of our ancient dominions; interesting both from the variety and venerable antiquity that distinguish its cathedrals and churches, which, with the picturesque effect discernible in almost every street, form subjects that to the eye of the amateur are full of pleasing associations."

The views in the present part are five in number; one vignette and four plates; viz. "Mont St. Michel," "Rouen, from Mont St. Catharine," "Nôtre Dame, Rouen," "La Grosse Horloge, Rouen," and "Chartres Cathedral." They are executed in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner; although it is evident that Mr. Colman is more familiar with the treatment of subjects of an architectural character than with that of general scenery. To each view is attached a descriptive account; with "such information as may be likely to interest those who have visited this extremely romantic country, or be useful to any who intend thither to direct their steps." The work is to be completed in four numbers.

*Memorials of Oxford.* Edited by the Rev. James Ingram, D.D. The Engravings by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings by F. Mackenzie. Nos. XXVI., XXVII., and XXVIII. Tilt.

"The Castle and Town Hall," "Holywell and St. Clement's Churches," and "The Radcliffe Library," are the public edifices of Oxford illustrated in these three numbers of Dr. Ingram's interesting publication. The view of the interior of "The Radcliffe Library," is especially beautiful.

#### Winkles' Cathedrals. Nos. II. and III.

Effingham Wilson.

Six spirited and tasteful little prints: the first three devoted to the illustration of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, the last three to that of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury.

#### Finden's Byron Beauties. No. IV. Tilt.

WE cannot say that we think this the best number that we have seen. Still there is much pensive elegance in "Astarte," from a drawing by H. Corbould; and considerable piquancy in "Florence," from a drawing by F. Stone.

#### MUSIC.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERTS.

THE first concert by the pupils took place on Friday, the 6th inst., and was very well attended. When we entered the room, these youngsters were playing Beethoven's symphony in B flat (and a most delightful one it is), in

a style that would not have disgraced older musicians. The selection included a fair proportion of classical compositions, among which were a *finale* from *Fidelio*, a madrigal by Weelkes, and some portions of Hummel's mass in D minor; which last is a very charming composition, sprinkled, however, here and there, with reminiscences of Haydn and Mozart, which a composer of taste and feeling could hardly avoid, in a path which those two great masters have trodden so often and so well. Miss Hopkins, a pupil of Mrs. Anderson, made a very favourable impression on the audience by her style of playing Hummel's *Rondo Brillante* for the piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniments. This composition gives little scope for the display of more than the mechanical powers of the performer. How can Hummel, who is capable of so much better things, write in this style? Mr. H. Burnett possesses a voice and talents of considerable promise. Miss Dickens' voice is of the very finest quality, but it will never raise her to a high rank in her profession, unless she can acquire a more correct intonation. The pupils generally articulate clearly, and that is a point which reflects credit on their instructors. Q.

#### CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

To those who, like ourselves, entertain a particular preference for choral music, these are, by far, the most interesting of all the concerts in the metropolis; and it has occurred to us that a few brief remarks on them, which are all that we have leisure or space to offer, may not be unacceptable to some of our readers. The first concert, which took place last Wednesday, was under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland. The bill of fare consisted chiefly of well-known stock pieces. A fine chorus from Handel's *Deborah*, "See the proud chief," was, however, new to most of the audience, and was performed with great spirit and precision. The other choruses, which were all selected from Handel's works, were, the most familiar of the Coronation anthems, "Zadok the Priest;" "Your harps and cymbals sound," from *Solomon*; "Glory to God," from *Joshua*; "Sing, O ye Heavens!" from *Belshazzar*; and "Around let acclamations ring," from *Athalie*. It is quite a matter of course that all these should be well performed here. Mr. Phillips, in the recitative from *Belshazzar*, "Rejoice, my countrymen," gave the finest possible specimen of vocal elocution; in particular, nothing could be more touching than his manner of singing the line, "And to your native land in peace restore you." To mention that Mrs. Knyvett sang "If guiltless blood," from *Susanna*, is equivalent to saying that the style was all that could be wished. Her concluding cadence was in the most perfect taste, and we must not omit to notice that, in the latter part of this song, the soft organ accompaniment had an exquisitely beautiful effect. Madame Caradori, whose polished execution and perfect intonation are always delightful, had the good taste to refrain from over-ornamenting her first song, "Ombra che pallida," by Jomelli, the recitative to which, by the way, is much too long for the concert-room. But she made herself amends for this act of self-denial in Guglielmi's "Vengo a noi," which she seemed to consider merely as a vehicle for the display of her vocal agility. This running commentary on the text was the more uncalled for, inasmuch as the latter part of the song (which is accompanied by the chorus, *sotto voce*) is quite florid enough to satisfy any singer whose taste for display does

not exceed reasonable bounds. Mrs. Bishop was eminently successful in the song, "From mighty Kings;" but her final cadence was too long by, at least, one half. Miss Lucy's performances at the vocal concerts had impressed us with so favourable an opinion of her talents, that we could not but feel much disappointed at the cold, mechanical style, in which she sang Handel's "Holy, holy," on Wednesday night. She, however, appeared to suffer so much from timidity that it is hardly possible to form a fair judgment of the degree of feeling she might, under other circumstances, have given to this song, which is one, moreover, that requires the most perfect self-possession and complete abstraction from all idea of an audience, to enable the singer to do it justice. The popular madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," was excellently sung, and was *encored* by the director for the night. The same compliment would, probably, have been paid to the other madrigal, if it had been a little more rehearsed. The so-called rehearsals here are, in fact, merely morning concerts, at which it is impossible to repeat these kind of things often enough to answer the real purposes of a rehearsal. With such slender opportunities for combined practice, the voices could never travel together so well as they do, if the performers generally did not, as the phrase runs, "know what they are about." Corelli's duet, between Lindley and Dragonetti, was a treat. The concert was very numerously attended, and was graced by the presence of her majesty and several members of the royal family, besides a great number of the nobility. Q.

*Società Armonica*.—The first concert of the season was given on Thursday, and was well attended. We shall also attend to it in our next.

#### DRAMA.

THE theatres are as lenten as the season, and there is no novelty for notice.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.

SATURDAY evening last Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré made her first appearance in the characters of *Christine*, in *La Reine de Séize Ans*, and of *Minette* in *La Chatte Metamorphosée en Femme*; both which she enacted to the entire satisfaction of a very full house, which was testified by the observance of the absurd custom, now so much in vogue, of calling for the performers after the fall of the curtain. M. Lemaitre, we are sorry to say, has left us, and we are afraid the managers will have no small difficulty in finding any one to supply his place. Few actors rank higher than him in their profession. Admirable as our friend Yates is, his *Robert Macaire* is not to be compared with Lemaitre's—than which we have seldom seen a more finished piece of acting.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

Mr. C. H. Adams's *Astronomical Lecture*.—We have always (as briefly intimated last Saturday) had to speak of these Lectures in the most favourable terms; but we never remember to have been so much gratified with Mr. Adams's luminous expositions as on the present occasion. The very general applause with which his able remarks were received must have been exceedingly gratifying to him. He was particularly felicitous in his quotations from Milton; and we congratulate him upon the increased brilliancy of his transparencies. The substitution of gas for oil must be considered as one of the greatest improvements which he

has made. We were also glad to see a more numerous assemblage of nobility and persons of fashion than usual in the early part of his short lenten career. And on Wednesday again, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the auditory was even more numerous than on the first night. Mr. Adams's remarks on the annoyance offered to the performance on Mr. Green's seraphine during the Lecture were extremely happy, and were received as they ought to be. It was bad taste in Mr. Walker (we were told) to seat himself close to this contemptible siffleur.

#### VARIETIES.

*Tea versus Beer*.—In the debate upon the malt-tax much stress was laid upon the substitution of tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors, for the older English beverage, beer; and the Premier delivered certainly a very splendid speech on the occasion. But we cannot agree with his flatterers that he exhausted the subject: on the contrary, we think he only skimmed a few of the least important points, for he never even mentioned the consumption of spigot and brier leaves, of horse-beans and biccorry, of quassia and vitriol, and other ingredients, of which by far the greater portion of all these articles are made.

*No Cross Reading*.—The Queen's Theatre play-bills seem to mean more than meets the ear, for they announce "*Woman*," "*In Statu Quo*," with "*Family Peculiarities*."

*Interesting Literary Relics*.—We have barely had time to glance over Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue of Dr. Kloss' library, so singularly rich in unpublished manuscripts and annotated works, many of which are of striking curiosity and originality. But the grand features of the whole are the manuscripts of the great Melancthon, and the copies of his books with his autograph interlineations and remarks; forming a treasure of literature, such as is rarely brought to public light. The sale, in May, will last for eighteen days!

*The Literary Union*.—Such is the title of a new Monthly Magazine under the auspices of the members of the City of London and Western Literary and Scientific Institutions, of which No. 1. is before us. The miscellany is various and pleasing, without any very striking papers or poetry; but if in its youth such a periodical cannot hope to rival contemporaries established in the public estimation by a long display of abilities, it may yet very serviceably exercise the talent of the writers and teach them to be more formidable rivals hereafter.

*The Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists* is open at the Louvre on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 10 to 4. Entrance by tickets on Saturday from 11 to 4. On Mondays there is no admittance. This year's display is highly creditable. The quantity of portraits is decreased, while the landscapes and general subjects are more numerous; the entire number amounts to 2536 being 222 more than last year. The number of artists who have sent specimens of their talents is 1227, being 195 more than in the year 1834. Among the present exhibitors there are 2175 paintings, being 219 more than last year; 155 pieces of sculpture, being a diminution of 34; 32 architectural drawings, being an increase of 15; engravings 96, an increase of 15; and lithographic prints 78, an increase of 7.—*Paris Advertiser*.

*Cambridge New Library*.—The *Cambridge Chronicle* states, that a grace has passed the senate, unanimously, to appoint a syndicate to

collect subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a new library and other academic buildings, on the site of the Old Court of King's College, which was purchased by the University (in furtherance of these specific objects) in the year 1829, for the sum of £12,000. The expenses incurred in this purchase, in the additions to the Press, and in building and furnishing the Observatory, have, it is further mentioned, so far exhausted the funds of the University, that without the individual assistance of those who are interested in its welfare, it is totally incapable of carrying into effect the important improvements contemplated in the grace. The subscriptions already put down, however, are on the most liberal scale, and fairly promise the happy accomplishment of this desirable object.

**Caricatures.**—H. B. is inexhaustible. Nos. 375, 6, 7, are just out. The extraordinary meeting of the leaders of opposition is a congregation of beasts which reminds us of the old pictures of Noah's Ark. Lord John Russell, as a mouse, is most laughable; while Brougham and Hume, as a fox and goose, are also highly ludicrous. O'Connell is a wolf, Lord Melbourne a lamb, T. Duncombe a kangaroo, Lord Spencer a sheep, others horse, cat, donkey, &c. &c.—the whole a humorous group. The Darby Dilly, Lord Stanley driving, Sir J. Graham guard, and six inside; the king turnpike-man, saying, "Stormy weather, gentlemen," is another good hit at the times—though, *apropos*, O'Connell mutilated and spoiled the Darby Dilly quotation from the *Loves of the Triangles* in the *Anti-Jacobin*—the dilly being a description of carriage with one seat which could not hold more than three. The third, "Settling at Tattersall's," is full of character and leading men.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

COWPER'S LIFE AND WORKS.

In its proper place, among our reviews, will be found the conclusion of our notice of the first volume of Mr. Grimshawe's edition of Cowper, with a very brief note, to correct an error into which we had inadvertently fallen. They are just as they were printed for publication before we received (on Thursday evening) the annexed letter. That we had partially forgotten Johnson's correspondence is perfectly true; and the only excuse we can offer is, that since that period we have read many thousand new publications—impressions affecting impressions, where there is nothing of extreme exactitude or perfect force.

With regard to the following reclamation, having, and never having had, but one object in the *Literary Gazette*, that of promoting the just and true interests of the literature of our time and country, by disseminating useful instruction and a taste for the finer enjoyments of life, we would insert it with pleasure, were it ever so commendatory of any mistake of ours. Let but candour and honesty of purpose prevail, and we should speedily see every emanation of real ability and genius far more correctly appreciated than it can be amidst the quacking pieties and distracting pretensions of the day, which almost confound right and wrong in the eyes of the most vigilant, and certainly leave the public but a faint chance of discerning the one from the other.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Paternoster Row, March 10, 1835.

Sir,—In your notice of the first volume of Mr. Grimshawe's edition of Cowper, we observe an error into which you have fallen, in regard to the private correspondence of the poet, published some years ago by the late Dr. Johnson. You state that you are about to extract from the private correspondence, "now for the first time published." That this is not the case, we have only to refer you to three numbers of your own *Gazette* of January 31, Feb. 7 and 28, in 1824. Messrs. Saunders and Otley have thought proper to publish an edition of Cowper on the strength of these letters, in opposition to us; and they have eagerly availed themselves of this error to assist their view of the use as an advertisement in the daily papers. We are sure that you will regret the oversight, and will hasten to make the correction. We cannot, perhaps, induce you to look favourably on the work so long in preparation by Dr. Southey; but we are certain, that when his *Life of Cowper* appears, it will be found that he has had more employment than "mending his pen." The author of the "Life of Nelson" cannot be expected to produce an ori-

ginal work that will uphold his fame, in the time Mr. Grimshawe can prepare for the press a new edition of Hayley's *Life*; and yet you commend his industry at Dr. Southey's expense. As there can be no ground for hostility against this house, we presume that you feel none. All we look for, is fair play; and when our edition is out, we shall hope to receive it at your hands.

Inclosed is a prospectus of Southey's *Cowper*, and we beg you to accept a few proofs of the plates intended to illustrate the work.† We need only draw your attention to them, as your taste in the arts will at once perceive their excellence. We are, sir, most faithfully yours,

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

In the Press.

A Letter addressed to the House of Commons on the state of Education in England, and a Drawing prefixed for a National Polytechnical School, by the Rev. N. S. Smith, translator of "Tacitus and Xenophon."

Sunday, a Poem, by the Author of the "Mechanic's Saturday Night," &c.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Human Physiology, by Dr. Elliottson, Part I. containing General Physiology and the Organic Functions, 8vo. 10s. 6d. sewed.—Looking-Glass for the Mind, new edition, with Woodcuts, by Baxter, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Proverbs Dramatiques of T. Leclercq, edited by J. Le-

fevre: "Le Mariage en France," 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Dissert Unscriptural and Unjustifiable, in a Second Letter to John P. Smith, D.D., by S. Lee, D.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Mathematical Researches, Part III. by G. B. Jerrard, A.B. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Third Report of

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 26	From 38 to 49	29.36 to 29.29
Friday... 27	... 34 .. 49	29.32 .. 29.42
Saturday... 28	... 28 .. 46	29.56 .. 29.72
March.		
Sunday... 1	... 27 .. 43	29.23 .. 29.74
Monday... 2	... 28 .. 34	30.00 .. 29.95
Tuesday... 3	... 34 .. 46	29.90 .. 29.82
Wednesday 4	... 30 .. 49	29.76 .. 29.58

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 28th ult. cloudy, with frequent rain.  
Rain fallen, 1 inch and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 26 to 43	29.50 to 29.40
Friday... 6	... 37 .. 47	29.34 .. 29.95
Saturday... 7	... 28 .. 46	29.45 .. 29.36
Sunday... 8	... 28 .. 46	29.39 .. 29.65
Monday... 9	... 32 .. 47	29.30 .. 29.11
Tuesday... 10	... 31 .. 51	29.04 .. 29.61
Wednesday 11	... 40 .. 51	29.55 .. 29.47

Frequent strong gales from the W. and S.W.

Except the 8th and 10th, cloudy, with frequent rain; very vivid lightning on the morning of the 6th, accompanied by hail.

Rain fallen,  $\frac{9}{16}$  of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude..... 3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

The rain fallen at Highgate during the month of February is 1.66 inches.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We fear that it is out of our power to go back, for the sake of comparison, to meteorological registers kept for a series of years antecedent to those inserted by our diligent and able observers, in the *Literary Gazette*. We will, however, communicate with them. In the meantime, we cannot refrain from extracting a portion of the letter in which the request is made to us, and which contains remarks of considerable interest. "I am induced to offer this suggestion in consequence of so much attention having of late been directed to the extremely deficient supply of water in many parts of this country as well as on the continent of Europe, owing to the smaller than usual fall of rain in the last two or three years. There is reason to believe that an ultimate compensation takes place between wet and dry weather, so that the quantity of moisture of the earth is not on the whole diminished. But the compensation evidently does not take place from year to year, the variation between two succeeding years being occasionally very great. One great object, accordingly, of collecting such a series of registered observations, is to afford means of determining the utmost interval within which such compensation must be effected. This applies more especially to the quantity of rain."

We think "A Constant Reader" is mistaken in saying that our Meteorological Journal, Dec. 18 to 24, is omitted; he will find it in No. 137, and the other dates regularly, both before and since.

We are obliged to I. R. for his note.

Ferret, the Devon word, we did not recognise in our notice of Lyme Regis, is *feret*, a sort of parchment, with which books were covered.

We can only thank Alpha: we do not like winter so well as he appears to do.

To the Editor.

Sir,—You have fallen into a slight error in your last No. in allusion to the custom of whipping the herring in Ireland. Such a practice does prevail, but the whipping does not take place until the day after Good Friday, when the Lent being considered to have terminated, the herring is whipped, to show that there is no further occasion for a fish-diet until the ensuing year. I cannot answer for the country parts of Ireland, but in Dublin there is not any ceremony of a public nature on Shrove Tuesday. On the whipping-day the principal personages are dressed in the tag-rag and bob-tail fashion of the sweeps on May-day in London; and the usual quantity of noise and laughter prevails. I send this in case you think it worth noticing; and I am, yours, &c.

C. P. R.

We have not seen the work on Normandy, Picardy, &c. &c.

Within a few hours of receiving the letter of E. B. R. we referred it to the gentleman who reports the proceedings of the Society alluded to; and he assures us that he is not aware of omitting the notice of any paper of consequence. If E. B. R. will favour us at any time with any communication of that description, we will esteem it a favour.

The report of the Royal Asiatic Society came too late for notice this week. We are also obliged to postpone the proceedings of the Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Meeting.

ERRATUM.—In our last *Gazette*, page 15, col. 1, line 7 from the bottom, for "Judore" read "Judore."





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